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VOLUME VIII. EBENSBURG, PA., FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 13, 1874. NUMBER 42.



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[9-11.3m.]

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[9-18.] ALLEGHENY CITY, PA. [3m.]

ADMINISTRATION NOTICE.

Estate of MATTHEW McHUGH, dec'd. Letters of Administration on the estate of said decedent, late of Munster township, Cambria county, having been granted to the undersigned, all persons indebted to said estate are requested to make payment forthwith, and those having demands against the same will present them properly probated for settlement.

FRANCIS O'FRIEL, Administrator.

Loretto, Oct. 9, 1874.-6t.

DANIEL McLAUGHLIN, *Attorney-at-Law*, Johnstown, Pa. Office in the old Exchange building, (up stairs) corner of Clinton and Locust streets. Will attend to all business connected with his profession.


### *Massachusetts to Louisiana.*

BY JOHN BOYLE O'REILLY.

Sister! we have longed to speak it!
We have waited long to save:
We have yearned to speak the welcome—
"Enter—be no more a slave!"
Every tear that fell, we saw it,
As we braced to meet the shock.
Now! Come in—the door is open:
Sit thou here by Plymouth Rock!

We have seen thee all disheveled,
Seen thee bend with trembling lip,
When the men who should have loved thee
Raised again the brutal whip.
But we knew their day was coming
As we know their day has come:
Ring their doom, Louisiana!
Massachusetts drives them home!

Queen thou wert in all thy sorrow:
Queen thou shalt be yet in pride.
Many-throned Columbia calls thee
Where her queens sit side by side,
And thy regal robes are ready,
And thy crown is on the throne,
For we knew our Cinderalla
Would come back to claim her own.

Nevermore shall one be driven
To the desert; nevermore
Shall the children of the Union
On their brethren bar the door.
God be thanked for love grown stronger;
Heart and hope go hand in hand;
We are North and South no longer,
But a great United Land!

—*Boston Pilot.*

### *PARKE MOULTRIE.*

BY CAPTAIN CHARLES HOWARD.

The finding of Randolph Rhett dead in his library, on the evening of October 29th, 1853, gave rise to considerable excitement. The sudden taking off of so prominent a member of the Carolina Legislature as Mr. Rhett, was to be deplored by the entire State, and when it became known that he had been murdered, a thrill of horror shot through every heart.

Mr. Rhett's library was situated on the ground floor of his spacious and magnificent mansion. The eastern windows looked out upon a beautiful palmetto grove, while the southern ones revealed the loveliness of a flower garden.

The legislator had never married, but his roof sheltered a lovely girl who bore his name. His nephew, a young Georgian named Parke Moultrie, resided with him. The youth was reading law under the Colonel, as Mr. Rhett was called throughout the State, and it was he who had found him dead among his books and legal papers.

When the student entered the room at 8 o'clock on the fatal morning, he found his uncle bowed upon the desk, very like a person napping. He did not manifest any surprise at this, for the Colonel often rose at four, read or wrote till seven, to fall asleep again in the position I have, in a word, described. Moultrie—I am writing from his testimony elicited at the inquest—took a legal volume from the book case, and threw himself into a chair near one of the southern windows, the sash of which was raised. He opened the volume at a page where several slips of paper had been placed by some one, and a sudden breath of southern breeze lifted them from the book. One piece alighted directly beneath the Colonel, and the youth thought to recover it without discommoding his relative. He left the chair and was putting his hand beneath the *fauteuil* when he noted a dark red spot on the carpet.

As it looked like blood, he started and tried to awaken the Colonel. Failing to do so by gentle shaking, he raised his head and saw the unmistakable stain of death in his eyes. There was a red stain on his well ironed shirt front—it was the wound of the life-destroying dagger. The Colonel had been dead several hours. Parke Moultrie could see this at a glance.

He did not rouse the house until he had examined the room. The Colonel's money had not been touched; his papers were intact. Then what motive prompted the murder? Revenge! Colonel Rhett had no avowed enemies who would stoop to the level of the midnight assassin. He did not fear the stealthy blow.

"My foes are chivalrous," he was wont to say. "When they want revenge, like gentlemen, to the field of honor they will call me."

Parke Moultrie found a bruised daisy leaf on the window sill. It bore the imprint of shoe-nails, and it told the youth that his uncle's assassin had gained the house through the flower garden. He had preserved the leaf, and exhibited it to the coroner's jury. I have said that the papers of the deceased were found intact. But a mystery now bothered the minds of many. A will, which the colonel was known to have written, could not be found, though the mansion was searched thoroughly a dozen times. At last, deeply buried among some old letters, a codicil was discovered. It was dated a year before the murder and read thus:

"Codicil to the will of Randolph Rhett: I bequeath to my nephew, Marion Rhett, who, when last heard from, was in Richmond, Va., the sum of twenty thousand dollars, on condition that he takes charge of my plantation and manages it for my child Viola. I appoint him executor of my estate, and the guardian of my child. The other items of my will, namely, five thousand dollars to Park Moultrie; the remainder of my property, exclusive of the bequest to Marion Rhett, to Viola."

This codicil was properly signed with the well-known authograph of the distinguished Carolinian, and it was thought that he had misplaced the will.

"I do not know much about this cousin of mine," said Viola to Park Moultrie several days subsequent to the funeral. "I have heard father speak of a Rhett who has disgraced the family by marrying a traveling actress, but I have forgotten his christian name. Marion sounds like it, though I do not think that is it. Shall I write to Richmond?"

"I would advise you to do so," said the student. "It is proper that your father's affairs be attended to at once," and he added as he turned away:

"I am curious to see this Marion Rhett—this unknown cousin of mine."

That night Viola dispatched a letter to the capital of the Old Dominion, and a week elapsed before a reply came.

The letter which she received was signed "Marion Rhett." The writer expressed sorrow at the colonel's sudden death, and much surprise at the fortune that had befallen him. "I am coming down in a few days," he wrote, "and I will have no rest till the assassin is hung."

"I adjudge him a young man," said Parke Moultrie, studying the chirography of the Virginian letter. "A young man about my own age—four and twenty. I had expected to see a man in the neighborhood of thirty-six."

One evening, several days after the reception of the letter, Marion Rhett reached the plantation.

That he was a genuine Rhett could not be disputed. He possessed the intellectual forehead of his revolutionary ancestors; he could boast of the Rhett eyes, the Rhett mouth, and the ringing melody of the Rhett voice.

"What do you think of him?" Viola found time to whisper to Parke Moultrie. "He is the person he represents himself—Sumter Rhett's son," was the student's reply. "But there is something about him I do not like, Viola. I cannot explain myself now."

Marion Rhett gradually assumed the reins of government on the plantation. He treated Park Moultrie deferentially for a fortnight, when he suddenly began to wax cold toward him. He hinted that there was a good opening for law students in Richmond, and, unable to bear his ruling longer, and unwilling for Viola's sake to resist after the manner of the Carolinian, he quitted the estate.

"I shall feel lonely while you are away, Parke," Viola said to him on the night prior to his departure. "I do not like my cousin; He treats me kindly: he is very entertaining, but there is something about him I do not like."

Park Moultrie started at her last words. He had made use of them while addressing her shortly after Marion Rhett's arrival on the plantation.

"What have you discovered, Viola?"

"Nothing, Parke—only there is a something about him I do not like. I cannot explain myself."

Parke Moultrie kissed Viola Rhett before he went away, and a week later a letter informed her that he had opened a law office in Petersburg, Virginia.

Occasionally, during the year that followed the departure of the student Viola heard from him, and he from her.

To his repeated advice to watch the doings of Marion Rhett she at last began to return evasive replies, and one evening the contents of a certain letter startled him.

Viola was about to become the wife of Marion Rhett!

This announcement, made by the fair girl herself, drove Parke Moultrie from the chair, and he started at the letter, unable to credit the evidences of his senses.

"He has fascinated her with those baleful eyes of his!" he cried, crunching the letter in his hand. "I love the girl; she loves me, or did. I know this! By heavens! his plans shall amount to nothing. I will baffle him, if I am compelled to kill him on the field of honor. They are not fitted for one another; the angels in Heaven above revolt at this match, and the demons down under the sea rejoice. He has charmed her, as the serpent charms the bird. He drove me from the plantation that he might work with none to molest, nor make him afraid. I will not give Viola up without a struggle. With the spell broken she will return to me. She is not sinning—no! no! Marion Rhett has done it all!"

Maddened almost beyond control, Parke Moultrie stood over his law tables, with bloodless lips and clenched hands. The room was growing dark, and the lamplighter was making his rounds. The lawyer's form was not visible from the street, but his door, flung wide, told passers-by that he had not deserted the office.

While he stood in the dusk, slowly recovering from the excitement into which Viola's letter had thrown him, he heard a boy's voice at the door.

"This is the place, ma'am, but I guess Mr. Moultrie's gone out."

"No, I am here," said the lawyer, hastening to the door. "If the lady will step in, I will light the gas."

He saw the door darkened by a form, clad in female attire, and turned the gas on. The next moment, he closed the door and turned to his visitor.

He found a woman who had not passed her twenty-second year. She was very beautiful, fragile in form, intellectual in countenance, but there lurked the fire of passion in her dark Southern eyes, and it heightened her loveliness.

She dropped into the chair which the lawyer pushed to her and looked him in the face.

"Do you listen to clients after office hours?" she asked, in a rich voice, which rippled over a smile that played over her coral lips.

"Yes, Miss—or Madam."

"Madam, if you please, Mr. Moultrie," she said, her eyes flashing hatefully, and then she laid a white, ungloved hand on the table. "That hand," she murmured, "you must separate forever from the hand it grasped before the altar five years ago. Do you understand, Mr. Moultrie?"

"I think I do. You seek a divorce."

"And I must not seek in vain," she said, firmly.

Parke Moultrie drew some paper from the drawer, and sharpened his pencil.

"Please state your case, madam," he said, glancing at her.

"Five years ago, come the tenth of next October, I, as Maud Raymond, better known to the playgoing world as Madamoiselle Beauchampe, was united in marriage to Marion Rhett."

At mention of his rival's name Parke Moultrie almost dropped his pencil. The woman did not seem to notice his emotion, and continued after a brief pause.

"I don't know why I married him. I never loved him. He had no money."

"Perhaps he had prospects?" suggested the lawyer.

"Prospects!" echoed the petitioner, with a smile. "Ah! he had prospects. He had a rich uncle—Randolph Rhett, I think his name was. He expected money there, but his marriage with me ruined all his prospects. His uncle cursed him in a long letter, and told him that he had cut him off without a cent. I hold the letter. After that, Marion Rhett soon tired of me. He basely deserted me in Mobile. That was three years ago. I have spoken to him but once since. It was in Harrisburg. I was playing my last engagement there. It was the night of the 20th October, 1853."

"What!" cried Parke Moultrie, starting again.

Marion Rhett's wife repeated the declaration.

"Are you confident of the date?"

"I am. I can swear that I talked with him then and there."

"Mrs. Rhett, on what grounds do you petition for a divorce?"

"On the grounds of desertion; but there is another charge which I would to God the court would hear?"

"Will you make it now?"

She rose to her feet, and looked the lawyer in the eye. All the passions of a Celt burned in her eyes, and her voice was cuttingly vindictive and emphatic.

"I charge the man who charmed me to the altar with the basest of crimes—the crime of murder," she cried.

"Can you prove it?" cried Parke Moultrie, springing almost triumphantly from his chair.

"I do not know," she said slowly. "Oh God, if thy angels could speak in the courts of men! He slew Colonel Rhett, his uncle. The dagger he carried would fit the death-wound which I have seen so minutely described in the papers. I know he killed him, for I have heared him swear that he would do it. What sweet revenge if I could prove it!"

"Hold!" cried the lawyer. "One of his lies shall furnish the missing link. I have a letter which he wrote to the colonel's child one week after the murder. In that letter he declares that he was in Alexandria the on night of the twentieth."

"He was not! On the morning of the 11th of October, 1853, I left Harrisburg for the South. I was obliged to retire from the stage on account of my health. I reached Cloyden on the 28th. That night I rambled among the suburbs of the town. I saw a man approaching, and I shrunk into the shade of a palmetto. He passed me, and I saw the face of my husband. He went toward Colonel Rhett's plantation. The next day he was not in Cloyden. I have not seen him since. Mr. Moultrie, you can draw your own conclusions."

Parke Moultrie was not slow in drawing them.

The next day he left Richmond, and one night suddenly confronted Marion Rhett. A gentleman whom he made known as Mr. Swails, of Pittsburgh, accompanied him.

"Where were you on the 20th of October, 1853," inquired Mr. Swails, during the conversation that followed the introduction.

The answer came after a moment's thought.

"In Alexandria and Washington."

"Ah! a fine old town, Alexandria," said the questioner; and then the conversation fell upon the murder at the plantation.

"I was in Richmond that night at the Spotswood," said Marion Rhett.

The last word was still quivering on his lips when Swails rose to his feet.

"Marion Rhett, in the name of the Commonwealth of South Carolina, I arrest you for the murder of your natural uncle, Randolph Rhett."

The accused laughed.

"Well, well, this is a joke. Mr. Moultrie, I suppose I am indebted to you for its perpetration. So I am to exhibit a clear alibi to a dozen men. We'll drink over this."

With forced good humor Marion Rhett ordered wine, and astounded the officer and his friend.

But, alas! for his precious life, his alibi was not a good one. The lie in his letter to Viola hung him. The evidence of his wronged wife he could not overthrow. Before he died he confessed to another crime. Entering his uncle's chamber that fatal night, he found him at the desk. There, before the old man could recognize him, he drove the little dagger to his breast, stole the will and wrote the codicil found among the letters.

The spell of Marion Rhett's fascination dissolved. Viola returned to the love of Parke Moultrie, and became his wife.

"You do not need a divorce now," said the lawyer to the deserted actress, after the villain's condemnation.

"But I must have it! The world shall never point to me and say, 'Her husband was hung by his own lies.' The court must separate us before he dies."

On the morning of Marion Rhett's last day on earth, certain papers were placed in his hands. They told him that the ties that had bound him to Maud Raymond were broken.

The intelligence embittered his last moments; but he met his fate with the courage of a Rhett. It was Marion Rhett who left the daisy leaf in the library, as is related in the first part of this story: it was Marion Rhett who was hung by his own lies.

The actress committed suicide four years since in New York. On her person was found the decree that separated her from a murderer.

Parke Moultrie and his wife are happy. Over his desk hangs a sword and faded uniform. True to the teachings of his father—true to the spirit of the Rhetts—he wore them nobly for the "lost cause."

THE BARNYARD FOWL.—BANGS' ADDRESS AT A POULTRY SHOW.—Max Adeler tells this: A poultry show was held recently by the Agricultural Society in New Castle, and Col. Bangs, who is a member of the Society, was invited to deliver the address at the commencement of the fair. Bangs prepared what he considered a very learned paper upon the culture of domestic fowls; and when the time arrived, he was on the platform ready to enlighten the audience. The birds were arranged around the hall in cages; and when the exhibition had been formally opened by the chairman, Bangs came forward with his manuscript in his hand. Just as he began to read it, a black Poland rooster close to the stage uttered a loud and defiant crow. There were about two hundred roosters in the hall, and every one of them instantly began to crow in the most vociferous manner, and the noise excited the hens so much that they all cackled as loudly as they could.

Of course the speaker's voice could not be heard, and he came to a dead halt, while the audience laughed. After waiting for ten minutes, silence was again obtained, and the Colonel began to speak a second time.

As soon as he had uttered the words, "Ladies and gentlemen," the Poland rooster, which seemed to have a grudge against Bangs, emitted another preposterous crow and all the other fowls in the room joined in the deafening chorus. The audience roared, and the Colonel grew red in the face with passion. But the noise subsided, he went at it again, and got as far as—

"Ladies and gentlemen, the domestic barnyard fowl affords a subject of the highest interest to the—" when the Poland rooster became engaged in a contest with an overgrown Shanghai chicken, and this set the hens of the combatants to cackling, and in a moment the entire collection was in another uproar. This was too much. Colonel Bangs was beside himself with rage. He flung down his manuscript, rushed to the cage, and shaking his fists at the Poland chicken, exclaimed:

"You diabolical fiend, I've a half a mind to bu'st you open!"

Then he kicked the cage to pieces with his foot, and seizing the rooster, twisted its neck and flung it on the floor. Then he fled from the hall, followed by peals of laughter from the audience and more terrific clatter from the fowls. The exhibition was then opened without further ceremony, and Bangs's dissertation on the domestic barnyard fowl was lost to the world. Bangs has since resigned from the society. He takes less interest in poultry than he used to do.

COULDN'T FOOL "SANDY."—The late Professor Anderson, the famous conjurer, who was called the Wizard of the North, was performing one night in Glasgow, when he noticed a green looking Highlander in the audience. Believing him to be a good subject to play a trick upon, he asked him to the platform. The Scot obeyed. "Now give me a bawbee," said the professor. Sandy handed him the copper coin. The Professor held it up to the audience in the usual way, and turning to the man told him to keep an eye on it. Anderson tossed it into the air and down it came a sovereign. "Take it and examine now," said he to the delighted Highlander, as he handed him the sovereign. "What is it now?" "A good guinea." "Correct. Now let me have it again for a moment."

"Na, na, mon, I'm na fool; you might turn it into a bawbee again," said Sandy, as he put the sovereign into his pocket, and left the astonished professor to find another subject to finish his trick with.

### Married in Haste.

Four years ago a bright, intelligent, but not pretty-looking young miss, left a homeless and penniless orphan by the death of her father, came to this city and procured employment as a waiter girl at a well-known second class hotel, making her home with a family, fifth cousins or something of that sort, then residing on Second street. One day, at dinner time, there strode into the dining-room a tall, broad-shouldered, bronzed and bearded man, who was evidently from the far West. There was the unmistakable air of a plainsman about him, evidently one of the better sort. He seated himself at the table served by the girl in question and watched her movements very closely. At supper on the second day after his arrival he remained at table until it was nearly deserted, and then as he was about rising he addressed the girl in courteous tones, saying that he desired an interview with her, as he had information of importance to communicate. She replied that she would see him in the ladies' parlor at a later hour. She did so, and was not a little surprised at receiving an offer of marriage. He stated that he was a resident of the grazing districts of California, owned a large stock ranche and was a wealthy man. He had been out there thirteen years, during which time he had mined, prospected for rich diggings, hunted grizzlies, fought indians, chased greasers and pursued the usual avocations of an enterprising Californian. He was on his way East to visit his aged parents, who resided in Massachusetts; had stopped in Detroit to see the city; and met her as above described; was pleased with her appearance, and thought it would be for her advantage to quit her present employment and become the wife of a ranchman.

There was an honesty and sincerity in the man's voice as he made his declaration that convinced the girl that he was in earnest. She replied that she would consider his proposition and give him an answer at the breakfast table. During the night she thought the matter over seriously, and when in the morning she took her eccentric lover's order, and he asked in a low tone, "Are you going to California?" she replied "Yes," and then went for beef-steak and potatoes. That was the extent of the courtship.

As soon as the hungry guest had departed from the dining-room she repaired to the parlor, where the lover was anxiously awaiting her. By his directions she informed the head waiter that she should not work any longer, donned her hat and shawl and the two started out shopping. Dresses were ordered of nearly all the fashionable modistes in the city, the same to be completed within twenty-four hours. Hats were similary ordered, and then the retail dealers in all manner of small wearing apparel were visited and large purchases made, the last one being two large Saratoga trunks. The next afternoon the pair were married at the residence of a clergyman, made a call on the bride's humble friends on Second street and left for the East by the evening train.

Of course the new acquaintances of the bride who were aware of the circumstances of her marriage were all positive that she had acted rashly, and predicted all manner of troubles and trials for her. From the hour of her departure, however, none of them have ever heard a word from her; but from the fact that the happiest looking wife and mother to be seen riding about the city on Saturday, a curly-headed boy in her arms, and the gentleman who "took her something to her advantage" by her side, was the waiter girl who "married in haste," but did not repent at leisure, it may safely be assured that the predictions did not come true.

### Wonderful Discovery.

H. Hornschwanz, living in Gilbertown, Iowa, commenced digging a well in a lot. When about twenty-two feet down he came to a broad, flat stone, which was removed with much labor. Underneath it was found a sarcophagus, of which it appeared to be the cover. In this receptacle were found many articles which will prove of important interest to archæologists. The skull, vertebra, and some ribs partially charred, of a man. An iron circlet or crown, a bronze dagger and battle-axe, the first instance of the two ages thus being combined, several finger-rings, a peculiar instrument of music resembling a modern jewsharp, but without the vibrator, and a small panel of wood much worm-eaten, but that having been done before interment, on which is partially engraved and partially printed a nude figure bound to a tree, with an arrow stuck in the side—and around the head a glory similar to that seen around the heads of saints in the pre-Raphaelistic pictures. These ancient remains are now on exhibition, and will eventually become the property of the Academy of Sciences.

Scolding is a habit very easily formed. It is astonishing how soon one who indulges in it at all becomes addicted to it, and confirmed in it. It is an unreasonable habit. Persons who once get in the way of scolding always find something to scold about. If there was nothing else, they would fall a scolding at the mere absence of anything to scold at. It is an extremely disagreeable habit. The constant rumbling of distant thunder, caterwauling, or a hand-organ under one's window, would be less unpleasant. The habit is contagious. Once introduced into a family, it is pretty certain, in a short time, to affect all the members. If one of them begins finding fault about something or nothing, the others are not very soon to take it up, and a very unnecessary bedlam is created.

# THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN,

EBENSBURG, PA.,

Friday Morning, - - Nov. 13, 1874.


### To the Democracy of Pennsylvania

HEADQUARTERS
STATE DEMOCRATIC COMMITTEE,
1011 Walnut St., Philada, Nov. 3, 1874.

The battle is over.

The enemy left the field at dark on Tuesday last, in full retreat, beaten at all points.

The Democracy, with its ranks in perfect order, recruited from the patriotic people, attacked the fortifications of the Radical party and carried them by assault.

The setting sun lit up the banners of the Democracy in light as victory marks them glorious.

We encamped on the field of battle.

The Radical party abandoned its ammunition, and left its frauds, schemes, jobs, plunder, corruption, the civil rights bill, and the gag law scattered along the line of its retreat.

It took off its negro allies in safety.

We have captured the divisions of the enemy commanded by Errett, Dix, Frelinghuysen, Halsey, Carpenter, Butler, Kellogg, and Talbot, besides large numbers of brigadiers.

The rout has been complete.

This, fellow-citizens, is the peaceful victory of the Democratic party defending the "essential principles" of constitutional government.

The Constitution of the United States is protected by this victory, unimpaired and undefiled.

The white race in this State has risen up in its majesty to assert its supremacy.

Pennsylvania once again assumes her place as "The Keystone of the Federal Arch."

The Democracy of the Keystone State has won the gratitude of the people.

She salutes her victorious sisters as equal sovereign States in that Federal Union created and continued by the sovereign power of the people of free and independent Commonwealths.

Let the people pause and consider the consequences of the policy of the Radical party. It prostrated industry; plundered the people; overturned State Legislatures; set up the military over the civil power; usurped powers belonging to the States; prostituted the judiciary for party schemes; oppressed trade; defied the white race; legislated for the benefit of special interests; gave labor currency for gold and silver.

This the people in these great and peaceful victories have most emphatically condemned, and have risen up and proclaimed that they are the sovereign source of political power, and are determined to protect themselves against their agents.

We have carried the State ticket, elected seventeen members of Congress, and have a majority on joint ballot in the Legislature.

I salute you, greeting,

JOHN MILLER, Chairman.

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Of the many singular political revolutions in this State at the recent election, that which took place in Allegheny county is the most remarkable. That county gave Hartranft a majority over Buckalew of 9,281. It now gives Latta, Dem., for Lieutenant Governor, 2,582 majority, elects two Democrats, Hopkins and Cochran, to Congress, one Democrat to the State Senate, ten of the fourteen members of Assembly, the Assistant District Attorney, and several other county officers, all of the same stripe. This is the overwhelming verdict of the *people*, not of a *party*, against Russell Errett, Chairman of the Republican State Committee, and Robert W. Mackey, State Treasurer, both of whom reside in that county and are the well known leaders of the Pittsburgh "Ring." It is an eminently just and well deserved political retribution.

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The State Senate under the new constitution consists of fifty members, instead of thirty-three, as formerly, and the House of Representatives of two hundred and one members, instead of one hundred, as has been the case heretofore. The next Senate will stand, according to the full returns from all the districts in the State, 30 Republicans and 20 Democrats, and the House 84 Republicans and 114 Democrats; also 1 Independent (Democrat), 1 Independent (Republican), and 1 Prohibitionist.

RECAPITULATION.

| | Senate. | House. | Total. |
|---|---|---|---|
| Democrats | 20 | 114 | 134 |
| Republicans | 30 | 84 | 114 |
| Independent, Dem. | | 1 | |
| Independent, Rep. | | 1 | |
| Prohibitionist | | 1 | |
| Democratic plurality on joint ballot | | | 16 |
| Democratic majority on joint ballot | | | 13 |

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Among the most gratifying and remarkable results of the late campaign is the election to the State Senate of that veteran Democrat, Chambers McKibben, from the Franklin and Huntingdon Senatorial district. Mr. McKibben is well known in this county. He originally, with his sons, kept the popular "Merchants' Hotel," in Philadelphia, but he is now a resident of Chambersburg, Franklin county, from whence he has been elected to the State Senate in a strong Republican district. He is an upright man, and his many friends in this county who knew him in Philadelphia congratulate him on his success. We know he will be an *honest* Senator and will discharge his duty faithfully.

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The official vote in the Indiana Congressional District, in which Horry White was the Republican candidate, against George A. Jenks, of Brookville, Democrat, shows the following gratifying result, which sends up Salt River as thoroughly and complete a political demagogue as ever misrepresented the people of Pennsylvania in the State Senate:

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| Jefferson County—Jenks' maj. | | | 696 |
| Clarion | " | " | 1489 |
| Forest | " | " | 21—2163 |
| Indiana | " | —White's " | 1378 |
| Armstrong | " | " | 277—1655 |
| Jenks' majority | | | 511 |

If there is any one of the leaders of the Republican party in this county who ought to feel especially mortified at the result of the election, it is the gentleman who edits the Johnstown *Tribune*. We refer in this connection particularly to the election of the two Democratic candidates for Assembly, Messrs. Buck and Hannan, and the election of Martin F. Campbell and William D. McClelland, the candidates for County Commissioner. It was repeatedly charged by the editor of the *Tribune* that Hannon proposed to sell out Buck and take care of himself, and that Buck said in Johnstown that in his section of the county, (the north) he would also take care of himself. There was not one word of truth in this allegation, and the editor of the *Tribune* knew it to be false when he made it. John Buck and John Hannan are both high-minded, honorable men, and not only worked for each other's success, but for the triumph of the whole Democratic State and county ticket. There are a great many Republicans in the northern part of this county, and especially in this place, who believe and openly charge that the editor of the *Tribune* has not on all occasions, and especially at the election one year ago, been loyal to his party ticket. We do not say that this is true, but merely allege that we have heard it asserted time and again by leading members of the Republican party here and elsewhere in this section of the county.

But the vials of his wrath were freely poured out on what he believed to be the devoted heads of McClelland and Campbell. What had McClelland done to justify his wholesale and foul personal abuse? He is a respectable gentleman and an honest citizen of Johnstown, in which place both he and the editor of the *Tribune* reside. He had discharged the duties of his office faithfully and honorably, but the County Auditors, in their report last January, did not, for reasons no doubt satisfactory to themselves, endorse Mr. McClelland's charges against the county, nor those of Anthony Anna and Francis O'Friel, in one certain particular. That question was disposed of by Judge Dean at the September term of Court to the entire satisfaction of all the parties interested, and without leaving any stain of dishonesty on either Francis O'Friel, Anthony Anna, or William D. M'Clelland. Martin F. Campbell, who had only been Commissioner by appointment since June last, to fill a vacancy, was not a party to the proceedings before Judge Dean, to which we have referred, and yet, in several of his daily issues, the editor of the *Tribune* referred to him as not having yet been in the Penitentiary.

As the *people* of this county have answered the editor of the *Tribune*, he ought to be satisfied with the result, and in the future treat Democratic candidates as if they had some rights which radical journalists ought to respect.

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The Democratic party, having secured a majority on joint ballot in the next Legislature, will have the power of electing a United States Senator as the successor of Hon. John Scott, whose term of office will expire on the 4th of next March. The question presents itself to the Democratic members of the Senate and House, who among the prominent and able men of the party ought to be elected, and whose election would confer the most credit and renown on the State? Without any disparagement, and without one word of opposition to the several gentlemen whose names have been mentioned in connection with the high position, we unhesitatingly and emphatically say that JEREMIAH S. BLACK is the choice of the Democracy of Cambria county over and above all other men in the State. Whether Judge BLACK would accept an election, or even whether he is a candidate, is more than we know; but we have nevertheless a right to speak for Cambria county in favor of Judge BLACK. Although a native of Somerset and a resident lawyer there, he attended the Courts in this county almost forty years ago, and is therefore well known to the people of this county. Since we knew him here in days that have long since passed away, he has acted his part elsewhere, and we have carefully watched and admired his career. By common consent he is to-day admitted to be the ablest and most accomplished lawyer in the United States. That he is honest, upright, and pure, no man questions.

The Senate of the United States must be purged of its fools and pretentious statesmen of the Republican party, and the process of purification is rapidly going on. What an impassable gulf there would be in the Senate between SIMON CAMERON and a statesman like Judge BLACK!

New York proposes, by its Democratic Legislature, to send her honored citizen, HORATIO SEYMOUR to the Senate as the successor of REUBEN E. FENTON, and now let the Democracy of Pennsylvania elect JEREMIAH S. BLACK, and the United States Senate, with THURMAN, of Ohio, BAYARD, of Delaware, SEYMOUR, of New York, and BLACK, of Pennsylvania, will remind us of the days of WEBSTER, CLAY, CALHOUN, BENTON, EWING, BUCHANAN, WRIGHT, and others, who shed immortal honor not only on the deliberations of that body, but on the country at large.

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We have not yet seen the correct official vote on the State ticket, but it is certain that Latta, for Lieutenant Governor, has a majority of not less than 5,000. Temple's majority, for Auditor General, will fall below this, but he is elected nevertheless. Gen. McCandless, for Secretary of Internal Affairs, is ahead of his ticket. It is a glorious triumph, and a complete rebuke to the administration of General Grant. Pennsylvania has been redeemed and may now be considered as one of the certain States to cast her vote for the Democratic candidate for President in 1876.

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A case of chronic rheumatism of unusual severity, cured by *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*, is noticed by one of our exchanges. A large bunch came out upon the breast of the sufferer, and appeared like part of the breast bone. Used internally and externally.


## The Next Legislature.

Following is a complete list of Senators and Members of the House of Representatives of Pennsylvania:

SENATE.

| | | | |
|---|---|---|---|
| 1. | J. B. Alexander, R. | 26. | E. R. Hawley, D. |
| 2. | D. A. Nagle, D. | 27. | A. H. Dill, D. |
| 3. | John Lamon, R. | 28. | H. G. Bussey, D. |
| 4. | H. G. Jones, R. | 29. | O. P. Brobtel, D. |
| 5. | S. W. Davis, R. | 30. | J. P. Colman, D. |
| 6. | A. K. Dunkle, R. | 31. | J. S. Waream, D. |
| 7. | H. C. Rorter, R. | 32. | James Chestnut, D. |
| 8. | Jacob Krouse, R. | 33. | C. McClincen, D. |
| 9. | T. V. Cooper, R. | 34. | W. A. Wallace, D. |
| 10. | Herman Yerkes, D. | 35. | John A. Lemon, R. |
| 11. | D. Ermentrout, D. | 36. | E. D. Yeizy, R. |
| 12. | Wm. A. Yeakle, R. | 37. | R. C. Winslow, R. |
| 13. | J. R. Warfel, R. | 38. | D. Mackey, R. |
| 14. | P. J. Roebuck, R. | 39. | J. C. Clark, D. |
| 15. | A. J. Herr, R. | 40. | W. H. Playford, D. |
| 16. | E. Albright, D. | 41. | S. M. Jackson, R. |
| 17. | J. G. Hannan, R. | 42. | Hugh McNeil, R. |
| 18. | S. C. Shiner, D. | 43. | G. H. Anderson, R. |
| 19. | R. L. McClellan, R. | 44. | J. C. Newmyer, R. |
| 20. | W. H. Stanton, D. | 45. | E. A. Wood, D. |
| 21. | H. B. Payne, R. | 46. | J. S. Ruran; R. |
| 22. | H. G. Rowland, D. | 47. | S. McKinley, R. |
| 23. | Delos Rockwell, D. | 48. | W. S. McMullen, R. |
| 24. | J. Chalfant, D. | 49. | Geo. H. Cutler, R. |
| 25. | B. B. Strang, R. | 50. | G. K. Anderson, R. |

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES.

Adams—E. W. Stahle, D.; D. Geiselman, D.

Allegheny—John Swan, D.; W. H. Graham, R.; H. M. Long, R.; John M. Irvin, D.; G. C. Shidle, D.; Peter Zern, D.; S. F. Patterson, D.; Joseph Hayes, D.; Joseph M. Carson, D.; J. R. Thornton, D.; R. C. Christy, R.; S. P. Large, D.; A. B. Young, R.; Andrew Large, D.

Beaver—Joseph Graff, D.; C. J. Wendt, R.

Bedford—G. H. Spang, D.; W. Keyser, D.

Berks—Jacob Miller, D.; A. B. Wanner, D.; B. E. Dry, D.; A. Smith, D.; N. Andre, D.; D. L. Batdorf, D.

Blair—J. C. Everhart, D.; I. H. Rawlins, R.

Bradford—Uriah Terry, D.; George Mocrip, R.; E. G. Tracy, R.

Butler—Jos. S. Lusk, D.; A. L. Campbell, R.

Cambria—John Hannan, D.; John Buck, D.

Cameron—J. W. Phelps, R.

Carbon—James Harvey, D.; A. J. Durling, D.

Center—S. T. Shugert, D.; S. S. Wolf, D.

Chester—E. Bailey, R.; P. G. Carey, R.; Geo. F. Smith, R.; P. G. Edge, R.

Clarion—Martin Williams, D.; J. H. Wilson, D.

Clearfield—W. R. Hartshorne, D.

Clinton—George A. Achenbach, D.

Columbia—E. J. M'Henry, D.; S. P. Reyan, D.

Crawford—W. C. Plummer, D.; R. H. Sturtevant, D.; S. J. Logan, D.; S. H. Findlay, R.

Cumberland—W. B. Butler, D.; G. W. Mumper, D.

Dauphin—R. R. Chrieman, R.; A. Fortenbaugh, R.; Joseph H. Nisley, R.

Delaware—W. C. Talley, D.; Wm. Worrall, D.

Elk—Sebastian Wimmer, D.

Erie—Wm. Henry, D.; W. W. Brown, R.; S. F. Chapin, R.; O. Logan, R.

Fayette—James Darby, D.; T. R. Deyarman, D.

Forest—J. B. Agnew, R.

Franklin—M. A. Embick, D.; Simon Lechrone, D.; H. Gehr, R.

Fulton—H. S. Wishart, D.

Greene—Morgan R. Wise, D.

Huntingdon—W. P. M'Nite, D.; H. H. Mateer, (Ind. and D.)

Indiana—A. W. Kimmell, R; J. K. Thompson, R.

Jefferson—R. B. Brown, D.

Juniata—Jerome Hetrick, D.

Lancaster—D. P. Rosenmiller, jr., R.; A. Mylin, R.; W. McGowan, R.; G. H. Ettla, R.; A. H. Summy, R.; J. A. Stober, R.

Lawrence—E. S. M. Morgan, R.; J. Q. Stewart, R.

Lebanon—Isaac Hoffer, R.; W. H. Hostetter, R.

Lehigh—James Kimmell, D.; John H. Fogle, D.; George T. Gross, D.

Luzerne—C. A. Miner, R.; T. H. B. Lewis, D.; J. J. Shonk, P.; J. C. Fincher, D.; James M'Asey, D.; T. W. Gunster, D.; M. F. Lynott, D.; O. R. Gorman, D.; T. W. Loftus, D.

Lycoming—O. H. Reighard, D.; John Gaffey, D.; George Stock, D.

Monroe—W. Kistler, D.

Mercer—E. W. Jackson, R.; H. S. Blatt, R.; G. W. Reed, R.

M'Kean—John C. Backus, D.

Mifflin—J. W. Parker, D.

Montgomery—T. G. Rutter, D.; J. B. Yerkes, D.; Francis M. Knipe, D.; J. C. Richardson, D.; C. W. Baxter, D.

Montour—James Crulkshank, R.

Northampton—Andrew Snyder, D.; A. J. Erwine, D.; John Stotzer, D.

Northumberland—W. P. Withington, D.; J. J. John, R.

Perry—George N. Rentler, D.

Philadelphia—Wm. Douglas, R.; John Graham, R.; John E. Kennedy, D.; James Monaghan, D.; John Holland, D.; W. H. Fagan, D.; Emil J. Petrof, R.; Theo. F. Miller, D.; William Patterson, R.; William Bardsley, R.; James F. Larkins, R.; J. W. Spicer, D.; G. W. Hall, R.; A. W. Crawford, D.; Charles R. Gentner, D.; W. H. Vogdes, R.; James Deveraux, R.; Harry Humes, R.; John E. Reyburn, R.; Edward Montgomery, R.; Martin Conrad, D.; John E. Faunce, D.; W. J. Roney, R.; George A. Bakeoven, R.; William Ringgold R.; Thomas J. Gillespie, R.; Thomas J. Rice, R.; John N. Wood, R.; Francis W. Kirk, R.; Josephus Yeakel, R.; Jas. M. Hill, R.; Charles B. Salter, R.; James Newell, R.; George Pallett, D.; Harry O'Neill, R.; James R. Souder, R.; John Leigh, R.; Frank Frederick, R.

Pike—E. B. Eldred, D.

Potter—C. Hollenback, D.

Schuylkill—J. W. Morgan, R., C. R. Loudenslager, R.; J. Boyer, D.; F. L. Foster, D.; S. A. Losch, R.; W. J. Lewis, R.

Snyder—W. H. Dill, D.

Somerset—W. Endsley, R.; J. D. Miller, R.

Sullivan—J. Degan, D.

Susquehanna—S. Falkenberg, R.; W. W. Williams, R.

Tioga—J. I. Mitchell, R.; W. T. Humphrey, R.

Union—C. S. Wolfe, R.

Venango—Wm. Hasson, D.; J. P. Park, D.; J. M. Dickey, R.

Warren—G. W. Allen, R.

Washington—W. G. Barrett, D. J. K. Billingsley, R.; John Farrer, R.

Wayne—Thomas Y. Boyd, R.; W. W. Mumford, R.

Westmoreland—H. B. Piper, D.; J. L. Toner, D.; T. M'Lean, D.

Wyoming—Giles Roberts, R.

York—A Stevens; D.; J. B. Gemmill, D.

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The Pittsburg *Dispatch*, a Republican journal, very summarily, and to our mind very satisfactorily, disposes of the cant about electing Gen. N. P. Banks, of Massachusetts, Speaker of the next national House of Representatives, in the following terse style:

N. P. Banks is talked of, in some localities, as likely to be Speaker of the next House of Representatives. This, however, is very improbable. Banks has been living on official bounty for a long time, and has been known as one of the most radical of Republicans. The contest over his election to the Speakership was one of the most violent and protracted that ever was waged in the lower House at Washington. Up until 1872, when the Liberal Republican fever seized a number of disappointed politicians, he was the sworn foe of the Democracy. He was well known during the Know Nothing excitement as one of the most insolent members of that party, and could not refrain from proclaiming his opposition to foreign-born citizens even in Pittsburgh. His change of political base was not caused by a conversion to or love for Democratic theories, but a refusal of his district to renominate him as a Congressional candidate. It is idle, then, to talk of him as the Speaker of the next House of Representatives. He could not command the Democratic vote in opposition to some of their tried and faithful chieftains. They prefer veterans to neophytes.

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The sweetest word in our language is health. At the first indication of disease, use well-known and approved remedies. For dyspepsia or indigestion, use *Parson's Purgative Pills*. For coughs, colds, sore or lame stomach, use *Johnson's Anodyne Liniment*.


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The Courage of Caution.—The Democratic party is so excited over its most extraordinary victories that it needs more than any other requirement for the present—the courage of caution.

The large number of Republicans who came to the Democratic ticket because a change in parties was absolutely necessary for the public welfare, are not Democrats, and do not yet belong to the Democratic party.

These voters must be satisfied that the Democracy is able to meet the great questions which stand out as the most prominent issues in the late canvass, and meet them in the spirit of patriotic statesmanship.

All kinds and sorts of plans, propositions, and panaceas will be suggested by the speculative philosophers for the ills of the country, and which the Democratic party must approve or endorse, if, according to the light of these philosophic gentlemen, that party has sense.

We, at the threshold of all this house-building, or castle-building, the platform-erecting excitement, desire to say that the courage of caution is the great need of the Democratic party now.

This is not the time to propose plans for the party's progress into power. It is not yet in power, and until it is invested by the people with the responsibility of "government" we regard any expression of opinion as unwise, improvident, and fruitless of any real good.

The currency, finance, the tariff, the great industrial questions, the outrageous oppression of the white race in the South by Grant and his negroes, will demand the prompt attention of the *representatives of the people* in Congress. We have now only to direct public attention to these subjects, and be ready at the proper time for bold action.

We say here, and now, that the Democratic party should not show its hand till that hand is mailed for the blow which will destroy the Radical party from off the face of the earth, and repay it for its infamies, oppressions, and wrongs. We wait till then for the virtue of vengeance.—*Philadelphia Commonwealth.*

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Where Andy Curtin Stands.—The Bellefonte *Watchman* has this to say about the political sentiments of ex-Governor Curtin:

No man felt better on Wednesday morning last than ex-Governor Curtin. He sat on the lounge in the sanctum of the *Watchman* office for half an hour on that morning, in a perfect glee over the result, not only in this State, but all over the country. The election of the Democratic State ticket and the various Congressional tickets; the defeat of Butler and the probable defeat of Bill Mann; the glorious triumph in New York, and the reported victories in Massachusetts and Louisiana—all these afforded him the utmost satisfaction, and he indulged in witty and cutting remarks on Grant's prospects for a third term. His impressions was that the President would not now be a candidate. The presidential family was out of sorts; Mrs. Grant was unwell; Fred wanted to go to Europe, and another wedding had to be attended to, at which Stewart, Drexel and Borie would present the usual handkerchief. The Governor's observations created much amusement and were "confirmation strong as proofs of holy writ" that what the *Watchman* has heretofore said in regard to Gov. Curtin's political position was true in every respect. Let the Radical organs howl away now about the Governor being with their party, if they want to—it is all that is left them. But it is not true. Curtin is on the side of the people and with the Democracy, and will make his power felt in a way that Radicalism won't like in the presidential campaign of 1876.

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Grant and the Radicals.—The gossips at Washington inform us that a sharp discussion is waging now between President Grant and the Radical leaders. The Radicals are trying to make Grant understand that they have been swamped by him, and Grant is trying to make the Radicals understand that he has been swamped by them. We have no desire to put our hands between the tree and the bark, as the old proverb has it. But the truth is that Grant and the Radicals have swamped each other. Such a policy as that which for ten years past has kept alive the passions and perpetuated the burdens of the civil war would have destroyed the best of Presidents. And a President so utterly incapable of looking at power as anything but a personal perquisite would have brought to shame a much wiser and nobler policy than that which Grant has served so stolidly and with such selfish unconcern. Grant and the Radicals is their mutual criminations and recriminations remind one of the ill-conditioned couple who delayed the marriage ceremony in the kirk by their quarrels. First the bride "took a scunner" at the groom; then the groom "took a scunner" at the bride. At last the minister, finding that patience had ceased to be a virtue, exclaimed—"And noo I have ta'en a scunner at ye baith," and with that put them both out of doors. The people of the United States have "taken a scunner" both at Grant and the Radicals, and that is the end of them both.—*N. Y. World.*

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The Magnitude of the Revolution.—The recent political revolution is so colossal and astounding that people cannot fully comprehend its magnitude till they withdraw their gaze from the whole and look at it in some of its more significant particulars.

In 1872 the States of Massachusetts, New York, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Ohio, Indiana, and Illinois, which extend in an unbroken line from the Atlantic coast to the Mississippi river, and every one of which Grant carried, gave him an aggregate majority of 397,000.

This fall these seven States have all gone against Grant by an aggregate majority of 153,000.

The history of politics in all the free States of the world does not furnish a parallel for so great a change as this.

In the present House of Representatives, elected two years ago, Grant secured a majority of one hundred and two. The elections of this fall show that in the next House there will be an anti-Grant majority of seventy-five at the least.

In no election in the country heretofore has there been so great a change from one Congress to its immediate successor as now.

It is by the light of such facts as these that we can gauge the dimensions of the crushing disaster which has overtaken Grant's Administration.—*N. Y. Sun.*

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Senator Gordon concluded a speech at a recent jubilee in Atlanta, Ga., as follows:

"One boon I ask in this hour of your deliverance. I ask you to commission me, in your name, to pledge upon the floor of the Senate your fidelity to the Union under the Constitution; your acquiescence in laws passed in accordance with the Constitution, good and bad, until lawfully repealed; your support of all rightful authority; your cordial friendship for every man and men of all sections who will aid in restoring peace to all sections, justice to States, liberty to citizens, purity to all departments of the government and Constitution; to its supremacy over Presidents, Congress, parties and the people. [Loud cheers.] I thank you, my countrymen, for that response. You are as temperate in triumph as you were great in adversity. You cherish malice to none, and are hostile only to thieves, usurpers and tyrants."

## News and Political Items.

—He lives in St. Paul, is 18 years old, and weighs 500 pounds.

—A Missouri editor's name is Wufadam. His paper, it is said, isn't.

—A wonderful chicken in Bowling Green, Ky., has a coat of red hair instead of feathers.

—Two horse thieves, caught in the act, were shot and killed at Brinkley Ark., last Monday night.

—A man in Knox county, Ky., killed ten rattlesnakes the other day right at his own door. A pleasant place to live in.

—A gang of boy bandits, whose depredations have been on an extensive scale, have just been arrested at Hannibal, Mo.

—Chestnuts have been hauled into Uniontown, Pa., from the mountains, within the last ten days, by the four horse wagon load.

—The Mechanics' Fair in Boston exhibits the stuffed skin of a dog which weighed when here only half an ounce, but lived several weeks.

—The two girls who were abducted, October 1, from their home near Fort Wayne, Ind., have been found in Illinois and their parents notified.

—Hon. John W. Head, member of Congress elect from the Fourth district of Tennessee, died at Gallatine Monday morning, shortly after three o'clock.

—The Grangers appear to have been absorbed or submerged in the tidal wave of the late elections—not only in the West but everywhere. Where are the grangers?

—There is a mine of fluid sulphur at a short distance from San Marino, near Palermo, which issues from fissures in the walls at the rate of from 300 to 500 quintals a day.

—A penny loaf of bread baked in 1801, when wheat was a guinea a bushel, was recently exhibited in England, the owner believing it to be the oldest bread in the world.

—A prisoner, at Butler, was left in a buggy at the door, while the constable stepped down and out to see a man. That prisoner, horse, buggy, and all, are now among the missing.

—During a drunken quarrel in New York, Saturday night, Joseph Rosenthal pushed his wife from the roof of their residence. She was instantly killed. The murderer was arrested.

—At Little Rock, Ark., on Saturday, Archie Powell (colored) shot his wife in the neck, and then shot himself in the mouth, it is thought mortally wounding both. Jealousy was the cause.

—Belknap, of Iowa, and Williams, of Oregon, are the only Cabinet officers now who represent Republican States. Were we living under English political customs the administration would be changed to-day.

—The name of the sheriff of White county, Ill., is Hail Storms. His father was an eccentric gentleman, and he had three sons whom he named respectively Hail Storms, Rain Storms, and Snow Storms.

—James Finnerty tried to commit a rape upon the person of Anna Smith, aged 10, near Mansfield, Tioga county, as she was returning from church on Sunday. Her screams brought help and Finnerty was apprehended.

—Rt. Rev. Dr. Bacon, Roman Catholic Bishop, of Portland, Me., who arrived in New York on Wednesday, from Havre, and had been for some time dangerously ill, died Thursday evening in St. Vincent's Hospital, New York.

—The Queen of England, it appears, has strictly forbidden any participation in our Centennial by the royal family, or any member thereof. Such delicacy is, of course natural. It would scarcely be courteous to the memory of George III.

—A California woman has started six clothes-washing and repairing establishments in various parts of the State, and married six Chinamen to attend them. She circulates around, exercising a general supervision, and is making money.

—Mosby, who nominated General Grant for a third term, has had a talk with the President about the elections, and they agreed that the third term had nothing to do with the result. But the result will have something to do with the third term.

—A young lady and gentleman, aged respectively twelve and thirteen years, were married at Gouldtown, Mich., last week. When last seen, they were quarreling over a pound of mixed candies, and throwing out vague intimations about divorce.

—On Wednesday the charge against George C. Harding, editor of the Indianapolis *Herald*, of attempting to kill Sol Moritz for the seduction of his daughter, was dismissed by the criminal court, the prosecuting attorney recommending a nolle prosequi.

—Now that the Democracy have come into power in Pennsylvania, let there be a speedy examination of the State Treasury. An opening of its vaults and an investigation of its books will show a state of affairs which will make the political atmosphere unhealthy for Republicans.

—An insane man named George Howe was killed by another insane man named Solomon Spyer in the insane department of the Philadelphia almshouse on Wednesday last. Spyer admitted the murder and said he did it because Howe did not belong to the same church he did.

—The *Woman's Journal* says that in Warren, Mass., a day or two since, a lady, now in her ninety-second year, rode up and down one of the streets on horseback, with all the confidence and agility of a young girl, only complaining because the young horse would not move faster.

—The Williamsport *Gazette and Bulletin* says that Michael Bubb and three of his sons (he being fifty-nine years old and one son sixteen years old) husked on Friday last, in nine hours, four hundred and thirty-two bushels ears of corn, and tied up and shocked the fodder. Who can beat them?

—Herman Schilling, a private watchman in Cincinnati, was on Saturday night beaten to death, thrust into a furnace, and the corpse consumed. Fred Egner and George Rufer were arrested on strong circumstantial evidence, since when the former has made a statement charging the crime on the latter

—In Tuscarora, Schuylkill county, the other day, Edward Tamany, aged 4 years, was found dead in a miserable hovel in which his mother and three older children were lying in a beastly state of intoxication. A coroner's jury rendered a verdict of "death by neglect, starvation and drinking whisky to excess."

—Intense excitement exists in Allen county, Indiana, on account of the abduction of three children of John Martin, a few weeks ago, by two men and three women. The party were traced to Illinois, and have not been heard from since. The children were aged respectively ten, thirteen and fifteen years.

—One Butler did not suffice the insatiate archers who went hunting for radical game on the third of November. On the heels of him of Massachusetts follows into political retirement Roderick R. Butler, the Cadet Broker of Tennessee. They were not beautiful in their political lives and in death they are not divided.

—The house of the Rev. Mr. Sherman at Whitingham, Vermont, is credited with spirit inhabitants. The family and neighbors think they see the faces of dead people at one of the windows. The phenomena are only visible just after sunrise, and are probably optical illusions. The visitors, however, prefer the ghostly theory.

—The people of Vermont and Rhode Island are mad over the result of last Tuesday's elections. They would like to vote over so as to go with the crowd. However, we are willing that they should remain as they are. We must have somebody against us.—Cleveland Plaindealer.

—The returns from ninety-three counties of Missouri give Hardin, Democrat for Governor 125,754 votes and Gentry, Independent, 86,460. Hardin's majority is thus far 39,294. The official vote for Congressmen is not yet received from any district, but there is no reason to doubt but that the entire delegation will be Democratic.

—The N. Y. *Sun* asks: Is it not about time that President Grant should give his promising son Fred another jump in the way of promotion? He has only about two years more in the White House, and he can hardly push the youth up to the rank of major-general before his term expires, unless he begins to send him ahead again pretty soon.

—Thad. Stephens, a nephew of the old "war horse," died at Lancaster last week. This young gentleman had a legacy left him by his uncle, in consideration of refraining from the use of intoxicating liquors for a certain number of years, but it seems the habit was too strong for him to resist, and he not only lost the legacy, but also his life in consequence.

—General Butler engaged a section of artillery, in anticipation of his election, to leave Boston on Wednesday on a platform car; it was to accompany him to Gloucester, to fire a gun at each stopping station between Boston and Gloucester, and a hundred guns upon reaching the latter place. The *Post* says his experience at Fort Fisher induced him finally not to waste powder.

—Dr. William Parker, of Connellsville, Pa., who was arrested on the 26th ult., on the charge of using the United States mails to defraud members of the English parliament, had a hearing at Pittsburgh on Tuesday and was committed in default of $2,000 bail to appear at the next term of the United States Court. A large amount of testimony against the prisoner was produced.

—According to a Pittsburgh newspaper, the gray squirrels in the Allegheny Valley are engaged in a general migration. They draw their recruits from all points, and may be seen daily swimming the river in large numbers, and pursuing an eastern course. Old farmers say that such a migration has not taken place since 1836, and regard it as the forerunner of an extremely severe winter.

—In Milwaukee, Wis., at an early hour Monday morning, a woman named Steren killed her son, a boy 18 years old, by breaking his skull with an axe, and then committed suicide by jumping into a cistern. The woman had been in bad health for a long time, and the act was committed during an attack of insanity, induced by the fear that she would die and be separated from her child.

—Reports from Osceola, Ark., state that Jack Phillips, alias Dick Nolan, who outraged a white woman, was committed to jail by the magistrate, and while on the way to jail in charge of an officer, becoming alarmed at the crowd following him, attempted to escape by running, when he was fired upon by the crowd and literally riddled with bullets. The woman outraged was the principal witness against him.

—The most obstinate mule on record turned up the other day in Sonoma county, Cal. His owner was hauling a load of lime, when a warm rain shower set in. The lime, slaked by the rain, was soon in a high state of combustion, and the wagon caught fire. But the animal in question, which formed one of the team, stubbornly resisted all efforts to detach him from the burning wagon, and was cremated on the spot, while his unfortunate owner stood by and misapplied Scripture.

—A man named Robinson, of Brookville, Jefferson county, went out hunting on Friday last. He stood his gun against a log, and commenced looking for chestnuts, but becoming tired of this kind of exercise he concluded to take up his gun and return home. While lifting it from its position the trigger caught on the log, and the weapon was accidently discharged—the contents of the barrel striking him in the forehead, and producing instant death. Another gathered in.

—Accounts faom Terre Bonne parish, La., state that Andrew Simms, the negro Sheriff elected on the compromise ticket, was attacked by seven negroes on Sunday evening in Houma. Simms ran from the party three squares, but being pursued, turned upon them and fired, killing one and wounding another. Simms immediately surrendered himself and was sent to jail, which was guarded during the night by a squad of citizens. Repeated threats were made to lay the town in ashes.

—A Dubuque boy has exploited great glory by his skill in charming venomous serpents. Master Maurice Vallandingham—for such is his name—permits the reptiles to twine about him, and their fangs he fears not. He began about a year ago with a rattlesnake, and has since made a Laocoon of himself with all the different serpents of the region. He has also set up as a Professor, and has a large class of other boys to whom he imparts his secret. Some fine day there will be funeral in Dubuque, and it will not be a snake's funeral either.

—The *Press* says: "In Pennsylvania liberty first saw the light; in Massachusetts the first blow for liberty was struck, and it is but natural that the two States thus knit together at the instant of the nation's birth should stand foremost in the task of properly celebrating the completion of the nation's first hundred years of existence." The two States "thus knit together" began their celebration of the centennial anniversary of American independence on Tuesday last. In the new struggle for political freedom they met to gether as the did in 1776.

—According to the Shelbyville (Ky.) *Courant*, there is a genuine Sunday man in that town. He was born on Sunday, married a lady who was born on Sunday, and whom he first met and was introduced to on Sunday, proposed to her on Sunday, obtained the consent of her pa and ma on Sunday, was married on Sunday, their only child was born on Sunday, and he firmly believes that death, when it does come, will visit his family on Sunday. The *Courant* neglects to inform us whether he was educated in a Sunday school, or ever went fishing on Sunday.

—A young Frenchman named Alfred Simons got full of bad whisky at Newton Hamilton a few days ago, and entering the confectionery store of an old lady who deals in cakes and candy, he demanded a glass of cider. Upon being informed that she had none, he deliberately pointed a pistol at her head and fired. She threw up her hands just before he shot, and the bullet passed through one hand, inflicting only a scalp wound on her head. The assailant was arrested, and if he don't sober up during a term of several years in the penitentiary, his case will be hopeless.

—The following distinguished conversions to the Roman Catholic Church are announced to have taken place in Germany in the last five years: The Duke of Saxe-Coburg Gotha, Prince Henry of Schoenburg, Count Ingenheim, Prince Frederick Augustus of Hesse Darmstadt, the Duke and Duchess of Anthalt Koethen, Princess Louise of Solms Bayreuth, Princess Charlotte of Mecklenburg-Schwerin, the Countesses of Stolberg, Schoenburg, and Bloome; Baron Senfilt-Pilsach, Schlegel, the Queen Dowager of Bavaria, and Harless, Chief Counsellor of the Consistory.

—Several days ago the wife of a gentleman of Reading, who is employed as a machinist at the depot shops, was nearly strangled. She felt a choking sensation and after considerable labor she ejected from her stomach a black lizard about six inches in length. This is the second time she has vomited up a reptile of this kind. The cause of these unfortunate occurrences is attributed to the lady having drank pump water some time ago without having taken proper precaution. Care should be taken in drinking water from a pump. Small worms and lizards often congregate around the old stocks, and the force of pumping often throws them out. Never drink without first looking at the water.

—The French papers report the existence of the remarkable occult manifestations at Lourdes. Miracles happen daily, and the place is thronged with pilgrims. The *Gazette de Midi* states that a week previous to its issue, a girl named Dominic was carried to the shrine in a paralytic state, but had no sooner touched the holy water than she rose up perfectly well. Another girl, who had been dumb for many years, commenced singing as soon as she reached the grotto. At Marseilles, moreover, the nuns have marched in procession to an altar in one of the churches which is dedicated to Our Lady of Lourdes, to express their gratitude for the miraculous cure of one of their number, who had apparently incurable malady.

—The Paris correspondent of the London Daily Telegraph writes: "A strange incident is reported from Lyons, of which I first heard some days ago, without crediting it. On the 6th of October two young people were married in that town. Within a few hours of the ceremony they became insensible, and have remained so ever since. The Lyonese doctors have exhausted their science in this case, and the luckless pair, though alive yet, are evidently sinking from mere starvation. There can be no question but that some morbific influence of the most violent class has been given them, probably as a joke. To-day we are told that a young man, apprenticed to a chemist, has been arrested on suspicion. It is believed that several of the wedding guests bore part in the affair, which was meant as a jest only."

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Terrible Typhoon at Hong Kong—*Twenty Thousand Lives Lost—Four Thousand Vessels Wrecked.*—Advices by steamer from China to September 20th state that a typhoon of unprecedented violence raged at Hong Kong, lasting two days. Not a single ship escaped undamaged. The loss of lives and loss of life exceed anything ever before placed on record. After the storm Hong Kong looked like a besieged town. The loss at Hong K

# THE CAMBRIA FREEMAN.

Ebensburg, Pa.,

FRIDAY, - - - NOV. 13, 1874.



**W. L. FOULK,**

Agent of the Western Pennsylvania, Eastern Ohio and West Virginia Press Association.

is the only person in Pittsburgh who is authorized to collect and receive pay for advertisements inserted in the CAMBRIA FREEMAN, at the lowest advertising rates.


## LOCAL AND PERSONAL.

### Here, There, and the Other Place.

Birch boughs are budding and bad boys are sledding—out of their reach.

Snow is the next thing in order. We put it in our bones and see it in the air.

Something less than fourteen hundred men passed through this place on Wednesday last.

The turret and a portion of the cornice of the Summit church, which were blown off March last, have been replaced.

The woods in the vicinity of Mineral Point, this county, are said to resound with the plaintive and soothing cries of a wild-cat.

Our good friend J. C. Stineman of South Fork, we regret to say, lost $500 worth of cork by forest fires recently raging in that vicinity.

A two-year old child of Mr. Scanlan, of Prospect borough, fell from the railing of a porch on Saturday last, and fractured its left arm.

A deer apiece is what two Blair county sportsmen succeeded in bagging one day last week. A piece of deer would satisfy us just now.

Castle Baumer at present contains fifteen prisoners. When winter sets in in downright earnest this number will probably be augmented.

Dr. Huffman, of this place, who has no special use as a dentist, will make his regular monthly visit to Hemlock on Monday next. Look out for him.

The welcome rain of Sunday night and Monday very effectually quenched the forest fires which had been raging in this vicinity several days previous.

Mr. Julius Stich, of Carrolltown, had the misfortune to lose a pocket-book containing $140 in money and several valuable papers a few days ago. See advertisement.

Peter Koons, of Snake Spring township, Bedford county, shot a grey eagle, one day recently, that measured eight feet across the wings. Good for the Koons, but bad for the eagle.

A young man named Kralle danced all night, or nearly so, at a ball in Cokenaugh on Monday of last week, and then took sick, and died on the Friday following.

The correspondent "Democrat, in a note accompanying his letter (published in another column) addresses us as "Hickory"—probably an abbreviation of the latter word.

Congressman elect Reilly has fully recovered from the injuries inflicted by the running and breaking down of a carriage in which he was riding, near Somerset, on Saturday last, 31st ult.

Dr. Goodnan, of Lock Haven, was accidentally shot through the foot, the other day, by the first remark he made thereafter returned with his own name and relieved the gun. So says the Williamsport *Argus*.

Tom Garland, of the Kellerman House, Altoona, reports having had a large gray rat which has been taught to answer to the name of "Rosecoe Conkling," which interrogated on politics, *Reilly* a knowing squirrel.

When will the papers give us a rest? Says Bertie, the young lady who was shot and killed in Clearfield county several weeks ago while trying to remove a pistol from the coat of a coat hanging in a young man's room.

Mr. Samuel Loomis, of Clearfield, was badly bunked down in that borough and unfortunate dollars in money. A man named Anderson has been lodged in jail on suspicion of having committed the crime.

A Democratic thunder last week was lucky enough to have copious showers of rain on Sunday night and Monday, but, unlike the radical article, it did not fall hard enough, or else long enough to accomplish all the good it promised.

A female yearling heifer strayed from the premises of Mr. Peter Hoover, in Conemaugh, some time during the latter part of August last. Any information that may lead to its recovery will be liberally rewarded.

The dwelling house of Mr. *D.* Fry, at Beelzebub, Westmoreland county, was destroyed by fire a few nights ago, caused by the snuffing of a lamp, and the family barely time to escape from the burning building.

On Friday last, near Irwin Station, Westmoreland county, Edward Davis, while coupling engines, had his head caught and crushed between them as they came together, and died from the effects of his injuries in a few hours after.

A new time table will go into effect on the Pa. R. R. on Sunday next. It will make no changes only in the running of passenger trains, but will, we believe, deprive us of that convenience, the afternoon accommodation on our branch road.

The election is over and no one cares a cent whether white grass or clover is in the store or under it, so long as we have the best of goods for the ready cash at Mills' cheap store on terms which can excel for cheapness.

After the official returns of this county have been ascertained, an indignant Republican was heard to exclaim, in the emphatic language of profane history, that such votes as Kerr's Kerr worse than any other on the Republican ticket.

Rev. M. Romanec, Bishop of Pittsburgh, spent a couple of days in our town during a visit to the new pastor of the Church of the Holy Name, and while here received the final greetings of many of his congregation in this vicinity.

Esther Hale, who was convicted of bigamy and something else in the Johnstown *Dispatch*, for marrying a man who had a wife living, or obtain a divorce from his wife, was brought to jail here on last Monday for a six months' sojourn.

Mother Jones, of the *Herald*, is once more in the one hundred and tenth time, we believe, wrestling with the confounded rheumatism. He has our sincere sympathies, and knows what by the thought that it is not ourself that has the wrestling match.

Miss E. Garbrick husked 140 bushels of corn grown from one acre on the farm of Mr. Garbrick, in Centre county, in ten minutes, and the Bellefonte *Watchman* wants to know if anybody can beat that yield or that husking. Probably.

A local print, referring to the convalescence of an old lady who recently "passed away, very innocently remarks that she is getting along much better than was feared for, leaving the reader to infer that it was hoped she wouldn't get along so well as she is doing.

Benjamin Reese fell over the high bluff near the Pa. R. R. freight depot at Johnstown Sunday evening last, alighting on the railroad track, twenty feet below, and, strange to say, escaped with a few severe bruises, which will not keep him off his "pins and needles" very long.

Mr. Alex. Skelly, of Wilmore, has been appointed Solicitor of Transportation on the Pennsylvania Railroad. He also appointed Solicitor of the land and heart of Miss Wilmore's fair daughters, and carried the prize without opposition.

Geo. W. Daley, the defaulting and embezzling postmaster at Philipsburg, Centre county, plead guilty before the U. S. District Court at Pittsburgh, a few days ago, and was sentenced to the Penitentiary for fifteen months, five years on each of the three indictments against him.

Wonder if it does not strike certain Republicans in this region who were opposed to the nomination of Mr. Barker, alleging that his defeat awaited him if he was made the candidate, that he could not possibly have been run of it than did the gentleman who was selected?

...The Bedford *Gazette* waxeth poetic over the election and calls on everybody to "Rally round the flag, boys; Reilly once again!" Well, our impression is that nearly everybody will Reilly once again if that gentleman himself don't say nay when the proper time comes.

...The official majorities in this congressional district foot up as follows: Reilly's majority in Blair county, 78; in Bedford county, 474; in Cambria county, 1805.—Blair's majority in Somerset county, 1220. Leaving Reilly's majority in the district 1137. Did you ever?

...A lady named Robinson, in Clearfield, on one morning last week left her baby, about three months old, lying in bed, while she was preparing breakfast for the family. Upon her return to the room, to look after the child, she found it dead—accidentally smothered in the covering of the bed.

...Geo. C. K. Zahm, Esq., of this place, assignee of Messrs. C. L. and A. J. Griswold, will offer at public sale, on Thursday next, at Griswold's camp, in Susquehanna township, a large lot of personal property belonging to said assignors. Sale to commence at 10 o'clock, a. m. See posters.

...Mr. Martin Sanders, of Munster township, and a young man named Price succeeded in "knocking the daylight" out of a full grown porcupine on Monday last, near the first school house south of Ebensburg. As this species of game is rather scarce in this latitude, we deem the above worthy of record.

...Will wonders never cease? sagely inquires the least of all the *Tribunes*. A Lewistown Mifflin county, clergyman left a $2,500 salary in that place for a $1,000 salary, just because he wanted to go where he could "do the most good," and he went to the right place, which, strange to say, is not Johnstown.

...We publish this week a letter from our esteemed correspondent "M.," which has been in type for more than a month, but which the stress upon our columns has prevented us from publishing at an earlier day. It has lost none of its interest in the delay. Next week we will print the remaining letter referred to.

...In the United States District Court at Pittsburgh on Monday, in the matter of Felix Beck, bankrupt, of Loretto, this county, the hearing on the motion for an injunction against F. D. Sapp took place, Mr. Shoemaker arguing for and Mr. Johnston against the same. The injunction was granted on the following day.

...Mrs. Rachel Jarratt, a young woman residing within two and a half miles of Philipsburg, Centre county, attempted the old experiment of filling a lighted lamp with oil, and of course the usual result, the explosion of the oil can followed. She was shockingly burned in consequence, and died on the evening of the following day.

Thursday morning dawned clear and cold, and the indications are that Indian summer is past and grim old winter has come at last, which leads us to say that none can be too fast in shielding themselves from the biting blast by buying a full suit of warm winter clothing, cheap and elegant, at Jas. J. Murphy's Star Clothing Hall, 109 Clinton street, Johnstown.

...Austin Groves, of East Conemaugh, who gained rather unenviable notoriety some time ago for just such tricks, has again been brought up standing by his deserted wife, who has had him arrested in Philadelphia for eloping for the second time with a woman of bad repute. Such Groves ought to be transplanted to the Penitentiary and be there kept shady for some time to come.

...The lifeless remains of a man named John Lider were found lying on the track near Beatty's Station Pa. R. R., on Tuesday night last, he having been killed by a passing train. The deceased resided at Livermore, and was walking to Latrobe to summon witnesses in an important lawsuit at Greensburg, in which he was interested, whose death overtook him in its most ghastly form.

...We inadvertently transposed the figures last week in the vote of Loretto borough for Messrs. Buck and Lapsley for Assembly, giving the former only ten votes, while we credited the latter with 44. Of course the very reverse was the fact. We also, though no fault of our own, in a portion of our edition gave Messrs. Flick, Fiske and Brady each ten of a majority less than they were entitled to.

...Two men engaged in digging a well in Altoona came near meeting a horrible death on Saturday last. The lad fired off a blast, and descended too soon after the explosion, when the sulphurous smoke overcame them. They recovered from their swoon, and several women who were in the vicinity discovered their danger and drew them up by means of the windlass used for hoisting out the dirt they were excavating.

...Mr. John J. Fairlich, of Carroll township, brought to our office the other day several specimens of apples, not larger than hickory nuts, which blossomed, budded and grew upon trees in his orchard since they were stripped this fall of their summer yield, and several of which trees were in full bloom when these second crop apples were taken off. Has any body ever heard of anything to equal this, in a climate like our's?

...Greenburg has just been afflicted with a genuine case of miscegenation, a colored "man and brother," black as the ace of spades, having led to the hymeneal altar a young white girl who can well say of her relations what her relations never could say of her—that they are respectable. The ceremony was performed at East Liberty, and a "coming event which casts its shadow before" is said to have much to do with the disgusting alliance.

...Last Sunday night, as the Winebrennarian congregation was about to leave the audience room in the second story of Mullin's Hall, at Bridgeport, near Mt. Pleasant, Westmoreland county, the floor gave away and precipitated the entire congregation to the lower floor, a distance of some twelve or fourteen feet. And yet, notwithstanding stoves, women and children were all thrown pell-mell together, no one was seriously hurt. The escape was truly remarkable.

...They had a "high old time" in Hollidaysburg on Tuesday night last over the result of the election, in which the victors and the vanquished both took a hand, the democrats in honor of their glorious victory and the republicans in commemoration of their unparalleled defeat. The demonstration was the biggest thing of the kind that has been witnessed in the land of our youth since the log cabin and hard cider days of 1840, and the best of good feeling prevailed throughout.

...The maple leaves are thinning, the branches showing bare, and Indian summer's spinning her web in quiet air. The warp is made of sunlight, the woof is wrought of shade, the shades grow ever darker, the sunbeams ever fade. The shadows gather quicker, and darkness lingers long, and silent winter falleth while the ever gathering throng keeps pushing, ever pushing its eager way along in the direction of Myers & Lloyd's cheap cash store, where no man, woman or child has ever yet failed to get the full worth of their money.

...Mr. Job Lysinger, of Pittsburgh, whom nearly everybody here except ourself knows by heart and appreciates as a clever, wide-awake gentleman, wagered a pair of shoes with ex-Sheriff (now Hon.) John Buck, of Carrolltown, that he (Buck) would have more than 500 majority for Assembly in this county. Of course Mr. L. won the shoes, and as the gentleman who lost the bet is as honorable in principle as he now is in name, he had a pair of wooden brogans made to order and shipped per Express, with his kind regards, to the party of the first part, who, being possessed of the amiable disposition of Job (Lysinger), will no doubt consider the debt fully cancelled.

...A lad named Ford, a son of Mr. *Dennis* Ford, of Millville borough, was taken to Pittsburgh a few days ago by his mother, for the purpose of having a surgical operation performed upon him. The afflicted lad was assigned quarters in Walters' hospital, where, on Friday last, chloroform was administered to him, the knife applied, and the painful operation continued for three hours, at the end of which time the unfortunate youth expired almost without a sign of approaching dissolution. The bereaved mother, when she found that her darling boy was indeed dead, became frantic with grief, and made such demonstrations as induced the surgeons to flee for safety, after which she threw all their instruments into the fire. The remains of the little victim were brought home and interred in the Catholic cemetery.

## INDISPUTABLE EVIDENCE.

ST. ELMO, Ill., July 8, 1874.

R. V. PIERCE, M. D., Buffalo, N. Y.—I wish to add my testimony to the wonderful curative properties of your Alt. Ext., or Golden Medical Discovery. I have taken great interest in this medicine since I first used it. I was badly afflicted with dyspepsia, liver deranged and an almost perfect prostration of the nervous system. So rapid and complete did the Discovery effect a perfect cure that it seemed more like magic and a perfect wonder to myself, and since that time we have never been without a bottle of the Discovery and Purgative Pellets in the house. They are a solid, sound family physician in the house and ready at all times to fly to the relief of sickness—without charge. We have never had a doctor in the house since we first began the use of your Pellets and Discovery. I have recommended the use of these medicines in several severe and complicated cases arising from, as I thought, an impure state of the blood, and in no one case have they failed to more than accomplish all they are claimed to do. I will only mention one as remarkable (though I could give you dozens). Henry Koster, furniture dealer, of this place, who was one of the most pitiful objects I ever saw, his face swollen out of shape, scales and eruptions without end, extending to his body, which was completely covered with blotches and scales. Nothing that he took seemed to effect it a particle. I finally induced him to try a few bottles of the Golden Medical Discovery, with daily use of the Pellets, assuring him it would surely cure him. He commenced its use some six weeks since, taking two Pellets each night for a week, then one each night, and the Discovery as directed. The results, to-day his skin is perfectly smooth, and the scaly eruptions are gone. He has taken some seven or eight bottles in all, and considers himself cured. This case had baffled the skill of our best physicians. Messrs. Dunsford & Co., druggists, of this place, are selling largely of your medicines and the demand steadily increases, and they give perfect satisfaction in every case.

Respectfully, W. H. CHAMPLIN,
Agt. Am Exp. Co.

THE NEW YORK SUN.—In another part of our paper will be found the prospectus of the New York *Sun* for the year 1875. We have heretofore spoken of the great ability with which the *Sun* is conducted. Its editor is an able writer and a fearless man, and has done more to oppose corruptions in national and State governments than any other man in the United States. It is not a Democratic paper, but an independent journal, advocating what is right and condemning what is wrong. The weekly edition of the *Sun* is only $1.20 per year, postage prepaid. We take great pleasure in recommending the *Weekly Sun* to the people of Cambria county as the most interesting and at the same time the cheapest paper in the country. Its editor, Mr. *Dana*, has done noble work in favor of honesty and reform in the administration of the government, and now let the people of the whole country sustain him by their patronage and show that they appreciate the independent services of an honest and unbought editor, a friend of honesty and the foe of corruption.

BURNING THE BRIDGES.—It will be seen, in the extraordinary advertisement we publish this week from the giant Clothiers, Messrs. Wanamaker & Brown of Oak Hall, Philadelphia, that they have set their pegs so far in advance of all former years, as to make it necessary metaphorically, "to burn the bridges behind them." Henceforth, this great House is pledged *to sell for Cash alone;* to mark down their stock at figures representing the very small per cent. demanded by a "strictly cash" trade; to label every garment with the name and character of its material, and the *one, only price* for which it can be bought; to furnish the customer a signed Guarantee, upon which, if for any reason he is dissatisfied with his purchase, he can return it within 10 days, and receive back his money. *Nulla retrorsum*, "no step backwards," now for the extensive establishment, corner Sixth and Market streets, Philadelphia.

GOOD RECIPE FOR CURING MEAT.—The following recipe is from the editor of the Germantown *Telegraph*, who recommends it after many years' trial. It will be useful to our readers at this season of the year: To one gallon of water add 1½ lbs. of salt, ½ lbs. sugar, ½ oz. saltpetre, ½ oz. potash. In this rate the pickle can be increased to any quantity desired. Let these be boiled together until the dirt from the sugar rises to the top and is skimmed off. Then throw it into a tub to cool, and when cold, pour it over your beef or pork, to remain the usual time, say four or five weeks. The meat must be well covered with pickle, and should not be put down for at least two days after killing, during which time it should be slightly sprinkled with powdered saltpetre, which removes all the surface blood, etc., leaving the meat fresh and clean. Some omit boiling the pickle, and find it to answer well, though the operation of boiling purifies the pickle by throwing of the dirt always to be found in salt and sugar.

...The venerable Peter Raylor, sr., died at his residence in Munster township, on last Wednesday afternoon, aged probably not less than 90 years. Mr. Raylor was a brave soldier in the war of 1812, and came to this county many years ago, when the Alleghenies were virtually a trackless wilderness, the abode of wild beasts and a stranger to the echoes of the human voice. He was a warm friend and an intimate acquaintance of the much beloved priest and prince, Father Gallitzin, and no man was more fully versed in the sacred reminiscences pertaining to that great and good man, and to the times that tried men's souls in this region, than the subject of this notice. Peace to his ashes.

WONDERFUL SUCCESS.—Three years ago Dr. Boschee's German Syrup was introduced in the United States from Germany for the cure of Coughs, severe Colds settled on the breast, Consumption and other diseases of the Throat and Lungs. No medicine ever had such a success. 300,000 sample bottles have been distributed every year for three years by Druggists in all parts of the United States, and nearly 1000 letters from Druggists are now on our files, saying that no other preparation in their stores sells as well and gives such excellent satisfaction. All we ask is for you to go to your Druggists Lemmon & Murray or P. M. Woleslagle & Son's Store at Wilmore, and get a sample bottle for 10 cents and try it; regular size 75 cents.

...Harry Mariett, prince of caterers to the public appetite and private sleepiness, desires us to inform our readers that he will give a daylight party at his popular hostelrie in St. Augustine, on Tuesday Nov. 24th, and hopes that all his friends and the "rest of mankind" will pitch in and enjoy themselves to their hearts content. Harry is a good man to tie to on such occasions, and we feel sure that all who take part in the approaching festivities will get the full worth of their money in simon pure enjoyment and "sich like."

FREE OF CHARGE.—Dr. Morris' Syrup of Tar, Wild Cherry and Horehound combines all the medicinal virtues of those articles which long experience has proved to possess the most efficient quantities for all diseases of the Throat and Lungs. Coughs and Colds are speedily relieved by it and in Croup it acts like magic. Call at R. J. Lloyd's Drug Store and obtain a sample bottle *free of charge*, or a regular size for $1; or at P. M. Woleslagle & Son's Store, Wilmore. J. R. MORRIS, 113 North 2d St., Phila. [3-13.-1y.]

TEN THOUSAND PEOPLE.—There are more than ten thousand people in the United States who expect to be the happy possessors of the first grand prize in the Kentucky Gift Concert of $250,000. All of them but one will be disappointed. One will get it, for Governor Bramlette, the manager at Louisville, has announced that the Concert will positively take place on November 30, 1874; that there will be no further postponement, and if our readers want to know more about it, write to him.

## *Local Correspondence.*

### THE PEOPLE MANIFEST THEIR JOY.

LORETTO, Nov. 11, 1874.

DEAR FREEMAN—On Monday evening the Democracy and many of their Republican allies who have discovered the bad company with which they have been associating for several years and have opened their eyes to Democratic light, demonstrated their joyful feelings consequent upon the redemption of the country from radical misrule, by a grand illumination, bonfires, speeches, music, etc. The following programme was fully carried out: 1st. A grand illumination of the Democratic and some other kind of people's houses, at 7½ o'clock. 2d. The Loretto brass band and the martial band, playing alternately in excellent style, marched from the lower to the upper end of town, followed by torchlights, transparencies, and portable bonfires, consisting of tar barrels and cabbage, having poles run through them, and carried aloft by happy looking men and boys. An imposing spectacle, truly! In this order the procession moved to the upper end of town, pausing in the centre and cheering the several successful Democratic candidates, faithful party leaders, etc. On the hill at the upper end of town a splendid bonfire invited and welcomed the procession. This fire formed a subject of peculiar interest and reflection, and I just wondered if that fire on the hill could be seen by all men whether it would not serve as a beacon of hope to the thousands of poor laborers and mechanics who for the past several months have been trudging through life with sad hearts, weary limbs, and empty pockets, in this "land of the free," searching for employment, whereby they might provide for themselves and their loved ones at home. Oh! what a commentary is this on Black Republican misrule!

The crowded street, permit me to say in continuance of my subject, ere long yielded its burden to the more attractive spaces in and in front of Mynheer Bengle's *eat-ing* house, where, after a few soul-stirring rounds of martial music, Col. P. H. Shields and E. A. Storm, Esq. were vociferously and persistently called upon for speeches, to which urgent demand the former responded in a few pleasing remarks suitable to the occasion, while the latter gentleman pleaded *exemption* on the score of *inability*, but offered as *substitute* a son of Gough (not John B., known as "the school-master abroad," who did up the job for the Squire in a brief but pertinent manner.

And now, as my time is up, I will merely add, in conclusion, that the meeting adjourned in a sober and orderly manner and without any of those mishaps usually incident to the assembling of a large concourse of people.

Yours, truly, HICKORY.

WILMORE, Nov 10, 1874.

DEAR FREEMAN—On Thursday evening last the Democrats of Summerhill township and Wilmore borough assembled to celebrate the late Democratic victories. The delegation first waited upon Mr. McColgan, Prothonotary elect, who came forward and was greeted with three rousing cheers. They next repaired to Mr. John Schroth's, where a bonfire was lit and fireworks displayed. They then adjourned to the United States Hotel, kept by Mr. Geo. Wentroth where a meeting was organized and Mr. Thos. Kinney, of Wilmore, unanimously selected as chairman. F. P. McCormick was called upon to address the meeting, to which he, responded in a short speech stating the object of the assemblage, congratulating the Democracy on the election of Mr. Reilly and the success of the whole State and county ticket, and returning thanks to the Republicans who aided in bringing about so gratifying a result, and also urging perseverance on the part of the Democracy in order to perpetuate the glorious victory. Mr. Edward Reilly was then called upon, who came forward and delivered a very soul-inspiring argument in Democratic principles. Mr. Reilly is a home-made orator, but will present will cheerfully admit that he handled his subject admirably. He showed the importance of the victory and the benefits which would arise from it, thanked all who assisted in getting the meeting up and wound up by advising the Democrats to keep the ball in motion. Mr. Thos. Doran then made a few pertinent remarks, in which he specially congratulated the Democrats of Summerhill township and Wilmore borough on the handsome majorities given to Mr. Reilly in their respective districts. The meeting then adjourned with three cheers for Reilly, McColgan, and the whole Democratic ticket.

Yours, Respectfully, DEMOCRAT.

## *Notes of a Trip to 'Old Virginny.'*

CARROLL TWP., Oct. 1, 1874.

EDITOR FREEMAN—*Dear Sir:* In accordance with promise made in my previous letter, I shall endeavor to give your readers a hurried description of certain portions of Virginia recently visited by me and of which I have as yet made no mention in your columns. It is not of course not my intention to go into lengthy details, because I do not wish to occupy much of your valuable space in describing what I know comparatively little about.

On the morning of Sept. 23d we started from Manassas Jonction on the Salisbury Branch R. R., which runs through an almost barren waste for a distance of eight or ten miles, relieved only by an occasional negro shanty and a few patches of corn. The soil is light and sandy, and not capable of producing heavy crops, as all of near Broad Run station, on the outskirts of the valley of Virginia, where the land begins to be more fertile, and where can be seen miles upon miles of stone fences, with good houses and barns, such as you would not see in any portion of this region you may make up your mind that a Northern man owns it.

Salem is the name of a small village along the R. R., in Fauquier county, thirteen miles from Warrenton, the county seat, and situated in the midst of the finest country in the world to stomach as the corn whisky, which is simply execrable. There is one man residing in this village who is the owner of 2,000 acres of land totally devoid of fences, and he is a poor man too, notwithstanding he values his broad acres at $5 per acre. Farms for sale. The cattle in this valley are the best I saw during my trip, but the horses are very small. The owners all claim that they are blooded stock, but as for myself I can't see it in most cases, a mixture of Spanish jack and Indian pony would find in their veins as the louse which Bobby Burns discovered on a lady's bonnet at a camp-meeting or some such place, and afterwards immortalized in never-dying verse.

The principal means of getting over ground, except walking, is on horseback. At every station along the road we saw from one to twenty horses hitched, and as the country is not thickly settled, it is fair to presume that they had been ridden for miles, apparently for no other purpose than to see the trains pass.

If people sowed their wheat here before October, it would likely come out in head ere the winter sets in. A man told me that he got a sleigh built last winter, but only took one ride in it, and that was in the mud, so he concluded to hang his "cutter" up to dry.

Any man who is not a good farmer, or a poor mechanic, or a carpet-bagger, or something of that sort, had better stay out of Virginia, as he will need him there. Laboring men get $20 per month, wet and dry. A princely sum upon which to maintain a numerous wife and family, ain't it, Mr. Editor?

Catholic churches down there are, like angel visitors, few and far between. There is one at Fairfax, another at Warrenton, 32 miles distant, and still another at Winchester, 50 miles further on.

Front Royal is a smart little town of about 700 inhabitants. It is the seat of justice of Warren county, and situated as it is in the midst of a rich farming country and has all the advantages of railroad communication, it is destined to become a large inland town. Alighting from the cars at this point, we ensconced ourself in a hotel van, and were ere long dumped at the door of the Mount View House, where, to our utter surprise, we found one of the curators to be no less a person that Mr. Lenas P. McDermit, an old Ebensburg boy; and all I have to say now is that if any of your readers should ever stray into that part of creation, and hang his hat up with Lenas, and comes back disappointed with the treatment received, he can have my best shirt to cut up into bullet-patches. All which means that I was treated like a prince.

The colored "men and brothers" around Front Royal won't work no how, unless it's on the principle of the wise ant telling the foolish grasshopper to make hay while the sun shines. They do that very thing, tho' it's not hay they make, but roasting-ears they steal when the corn is soft enough and the moon has ceased to shed its benignant rays upon Mother Earth.

But enough of the sort for the present, as space to your columns is no doubt too scarce to permit the publication of any further remarks on the subject just now. Next week I shall be to the fore with another screed of like proportions, which I trust will find the usual treatment at your hands. Yours, &c., M.

### BYNEVAL.

JONES—EVANS.—Married, in this place, on Thursday, Nov. 5th, by Rev. T. R. Jones, Mr. DWIGHT JONES and Miss M. A. EVANS, daughter of Mr. John Evans (tanner), all of the East Ward, Ebensburg.

Although we received none of the acceptable concomitants which sometimes pertain to events of this kind, we feel none the less gratified in tendering to the happy pair the best wishes of the printer man. The newly-made benedict is one of the worthiest young men in this community, and the fair young bride is an ornament to her sex, amiable and accomplished, and if two such joined together by the silken ties of matrimony do not derive all the happiness and escape all the vicissitudes which pertain to this earthly pilgrimage, it will not be because they are undeserving of such good luck.

### OBITUARY.

STINEMAN.—Died, at South Fork, this county, on the 31inst., RETTY OLIVE, infant daughter of Geo. B. and M. A. Stineman, aged 7 months and 22 days.

PITMAN.—Died, at Hemlock, on Tuesday of last week, after a lingering illness, Miss KATE PITMAN, aged about 23 years.

McGRAW.—Died, at the same place, on the same day, Mrs. — McGRAW, aged about 35 years.


POCKET-BOOK LOST.—Was lost on Thursday, Nov. 5th, somewhere between Charles Stitzel's and Carrolltown, a pocket-book containing $140 in money and two promissory notes drawn in favor of W. Dickey & Son. The finder will be liberally rewarded by returning it to the owner. JULIUS STICH.
Carrolltown, Nov. 13, 1874.-3t.

STRAY HEIFER.—Came into the enclosure of the subscriber, in Clearfield township, Cambria county, on or about the 15th of July last, a red and white-spotted Heifer, one year old last Spring. The owner is requested to come forward, prove property, pay charges, and take her away; otherwise she will be disposed of according to law. WASHINGTON DOUGLASS.
Clearfield Twp., Nov. 13, 1874.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Orphans' Court of Cambria county to ascertain the balance, and distribute the same, of the fund in the hands of F. X. HAID, Executor of JOS. LENTZ, late of Allegheny township, dec'd, hereby gives notice to all persons interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment, at his office in Ebensburg, on SATURDAY, the 28TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1874, at 2 o'clock, p. m., when and where they must present their claims, or be debarred from coming in on said fund. JAMES NULL.
Ebensburg, Nov. 13, 1874.-3t.

AUDITOR'S NOTICE.—The undersigned Auditor, appointed by the Court of Common Pleas of Cambria county to hear, decide and report upon the exceptions filed to the final account of H. Kinkead, Esq., Assignee of John J. Glass, dec'd, and also to report distribution of the fund in the hands of said Assignee, hereby notifies all persons interested that he will attend to the duties of said appointment at his office in Ebensburg, on FRIDAY, the 27TH DAY OF NOVEMBER, 1874, at 1 o'clock, p. m., when and where all parties may attend if they think proper. ALVIN EVANS, Auditor.
Ebensburg, Nov. 13, 1874.-3t.

ASSIGNEE'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that C. L. GRISWOLD and A. J. GRISWOLD, of Susquehanna township, Cambria county, Pa., by deed of voluntary assignment have assigned all their estate, real and personal, to the undersigned, residing in Ebensburg, for the benefit of their creditors. All persons therefore indebted to the said C. L. Griswold and A. J. Griswold are requested to make payment to the undersigned, and those having claims or demands will make known the same without delay.
GEO. C. K. ZAHM,
Assignee of C. L. Griswold & A. J. Griswold.
Ebensburg, Nov. 13, 1874.-6t.

*A New Subscription Book.*

HISTORY OF THE NEW YORK TOMBS:
The Secrets, Mysteries and Romance of Prison Life in New York; Gathered by Charles Sutton, Warden of the Tombs.
LARGE 8VO., 650 PP., ILLUSTRATED, $2.50.
This is not a strictly sensational work, and is recommended by the best men as a MORAL REFORMER. Boys reading it will not learn to be thieves, but will learn how thieves suffer. The story of John Mohoney, written by himself, is worth the price of the book. The best selling book ever published; so say all our agents. Exclusive territory given. Agents wanted in every town.
UNITED STATES PUBLISHING CO.,
13 UNIVERSITY PLACE, N. Y.

TRIAL LIST.—Causes set down for trial at the ensuing term of Court, commencing on Monday, December 7th, 1874:

FIRST WEEK.

| | |
|---|---|
| Haven & Co | vs. McLaughlin. |
| O'Connor | vs. Kubiss. |
| Webb | vs. Walters. |
| Smith | vs. Bonacker. |
| Sharbaugh | vs. Penna. Rail Road Co. |
| Bracken | vs. Kager. |
| Sheridan et al. | vs. Mariet et al. |

SECOND WEEK.

| | |
|---|---|
| Apple | vs. ——. |
| Little et al | vs. Kerr et al. |
| McGough | vs. Patterons. |
| Cooper & Co | vs. Rist. |
| Cambria Iron Co | vs. Christy et al. |
| Patton | vs. Hipps et al. |
| Edwards | vs. Rober Adm'r. |
| Heslop | vs. Heslop. |
| Caldwell & Kimmell | vs. Fields. |
| Guardians of M. A. Mc- Gonigle | vs. Woleslagles. |
| Lamboot | vs. Bichel. |
| Dunegan | vs. Mellon. |
| Hughan | vs. Penna. Rail Road Co. |
| Burgoon's Ex'r. | vs. Burk's Ex'r. |
| Burgoon's Ex'r. | vs. Burk. |
| McMullen | vs. Bradley. |

J. K. HITE, Prothonotary.
Prothonotary's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 9, 1874.

WIDOWS' APPRAISEMENTS.—Notice is hereby given that the following Appraisements of real estate and personal property of decedents, selected and set apart for the widows of intestates, under the Act of Assembly of 10th of April, A. D. 1851, have been filed in the Register's Office, at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria county for confirmation and allowance on Wednesday, December 9th, A. D. 1874:

1. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Mary Young, widow of Andrew Young, late of Washington township, dec'd—$29.50.

2. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Mary Farren, widow of James Farren, late of Washington township, dec'd—$243.25.

3. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Sophie Schnabel, widow of Henry Schnabel, late of Johnstown borough, dec'd—$300.00.

4. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Josephine M. Edie, widow of Rev. James Edie, late of Ebensburg borough, dec'd—$227.00.

5. Inventory and appraisement of personal property appraised and set apart for Eliza Parrish, widow of Silas Parrish, late of Cambria township, dec'd—$299.15.

JAMES M. SINGER, Register.
Register's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 9, 1874.

REGISTER'S NOTICE.—Notice is hereby given that the following Accounts have been passed and filed in the Register's Office at Ebensburg, and will be presented to the Orphans' Court of Cambria county for confirmation and allowance on Wednesday, December 9th, A. D. 1874:

1. The first and final account of Moses B. Miller executor of Isaac Reighart, late of Richland township, deceased.

2. The account of Moses B. Miller, guardian of minor children of Wm. Reighart, late of Richland township, deceased.

3. The first and final account of Moses B. Miller, administrator of Samuel Keim, late of Richland township, deceased.

4. The first and final account of James McMullen, sr., and Patrick Donegan, executors of Dennis Donahoe, late of Clearfield township, dec'd.

5. The first and partial account of John Fritz, James McMillen and Wm. R. Tucker, executors of George Fritz, late of Johnstown borough, dec'd.

6. The first and partial account of John Fritz, James McMillen and Wm. R. Tucker, trustees of Ellen F. Fritz and other legatees under the will of George Fritz, late of Johnstown borough, dec'd.

7. The account of F. P. Tierney, esq., guardian of the minor children of Daniel Litzinger, late of Chest Springs borough, deceased.

8. The last and final account of John Hoffman, administrator of the estate of Daniel Ream, late of Richland township, deceased.

9. The first and final account of Theresa A. Welbel and Thomas Hoover, administrators of Andrew Welbel, late of Cambria township, deceased.

10. The first and final account of Silas H. and Alfred P. Donoughe, administrators of Patrick Donoughe, late of Allegheny township deceased.

11. The final account of Peter Glck, guardian of minor children of John Eichenehr, late of Conemaugh borough, deceased.

12. The first and partial account of Thomas Donahoe, administrator of Mary Donahoe, late of Washington township, deceased.

13. The account of James Chardon, administrator of John Chardon, late of Clearfield township, deceased.

14. The first and final account of David G. Griffiths, executor of Griffith J. Griffiths, late of Cambria township, deceased.

15. The first and final account of Florinda Herr, administrator of George Herr, late of Summerhill township, deceased.

16. The first and partial account of W. B. Bengcker, trustee appointed to sell the real estate of Daniel Goughnour, late of Taylor township, dec'd.

JAMES M. SINGER, Register.
Register's Office, Ebensburg, Nov. 9, 1874.

ABSOLUTELY THE BEST TERMS EVER OFFERED AGENTS!

To let you see for yourself what we have to offer, we do hereby agree to send to any agent in the U. S., upon receipt of 25 cents, one number of the PEOPLE'S MONTHLY (illustrated), and *photographic* copies of *all four* of our premium chromos—post paid—also our *new* circulars, offering *better terms* than any paper in the land. *Every* subscriber receives a *framed* chromo, or a large 36x44½ feet) Double County and R. R. Map of U. S. Our agents are doing well all over the country—making from $50 to $60 per week—but we want more of them. Circulars free. NOW IS THE TIME! "First come, first served." Address
COPE & ROGERS,
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[23-3t.] 725 Sansom St., Philadelphia, Pa.

BUY BOROUGH BONDS!—The Borough of Ebensburg offers WATER BONDS for sale, bearing six per cent. interest. An excellent opportunity for safe and profitable investment. For further particulars call on
F. A. SHOEMAKER, Treasurer.
Ebensburg, Oct. 3, 1874.-3t.

$77 A WEEK guaranteed to Male and Female Agents, in their own locality. Costs NOTHING to try it. Particulars Free. P. O. VICKERY & CO., Augusta, Me.

# GEIS, FOSTER & QUINN,

OCTOBER, 1874.

EXTRA ANNOUNCEMENT!

AN IMMENSE STOCK OF

NEW GOODS!

AT EXCEEDINGLY LOW PRICES.

## Medium and Fine Dress Goods!

EXTRA GOOD BARGAINS.

At 18½ cents, new Fall Dress Goods in desirable styles and colors.
At 25 and 37½ cents, extra good bargains in Black Mohair Alpacas, finest kind.
At 50 cents, Empress Cloths, all shades—real bargains.
New English Serges, Sateens, Brilliantines, Suitings, Camel's Hair Cloth, &c.
Mourning Dress Goods, an unusually large assortment at very low prices.
New Merinoes and Plaids in great variety.

A Choice Selection of

Ladies', Misses and Children's WOOLEN HOSE.

*Muslins, Calicoes, Domestic Goods, &c., very cheap for Cash.*

Extra good bargains in Linen Towels and Toweling, Russia Bath Towels, &c.
Bleached and Colored Table

### China Town.

That part of San Francisco in which the "Heathen Chinee" has located himself, is thus properly named, for it is decidedly Chinese in its aspect, and, on entering it, one could almost imagine themselves transported to some foreign city.

The houses are built, some of brick, some of wood, and are as a general thing, painted some bright color, red seeming to take precedence; but many, on the contrary, are still guiltless of paint, and about them are hung Chinese lanterns, and other similar articles peculiar to the almond-eyed occupants.

Within the houses, all is dirt and wretchedness; no carpets, no furniture worth mentioning—in fact nothing that would seem to make life desirable; yet here they dwell, aye! and thrive, and almost daily their kinsmen are arriving in San Francisco, eager to seek ease and plenty in this, to them, the new Golconda.

Nearly every other house in China Town is a gambling-hell, into which no one but Chinese are permitted to enter; outside of the door-way of every place of this kind is stationed a guard, who, seated very much at his ease, watches nonchalantly, with his little gleaming eyes, all who approach; but if a "Melican Man" attempts to enter, ere his foot can cross the threshold the alert watcher pulls a cord hitherto concealed by his black, loose clothing, and instantly the door is slammed in the intruder's face; nay, not one door only, but three, for the house is entered through a narrow hall, which is divided at intervals by three doors, and the cord held by the guard not only instantaneously closes them all, but also rings a bell to give warning of a stranger's approach.

I once attempted, with a friend, to enter one of these places, but the sentinel motioned us back peremptorily, at the same time muttering some words in the Chinese tongue; but, though unarmed, we assumed an air of bravado, and insisted upon entering, whereupon the man quietly put his hand to his side, and, suspecting the presence of a pistol, or a knife, we concluded that in our case certainly "discretion was the better part of valor," and incontinently left, and, if we did not run until out of pistol-shot range, we certainly did some very "tall walking."

There are some gambling houses, however, whose proprietors are not so strict as to the color, and nationality of their patrons, and into one of these we succeeded in penetrating; but, after all, it hardly repaid us for our trouble.

Around the walls were built banks, much resembling the berths of a ship, and in these, while gambling was going on in the little dirty, smoky place before them, the opium smokers lay, lost to all the noise and quarrelling in that delightful, dreamy, *dolce far niente*, through whose deceptive power all things are rose colored.

But, though pages could be written about the wickedness and wretchedness of China Town, it is not the only place where evil exists in its worst forms. Near the entrance to the Chinese portion of the city, there is a building entered by passing through a long, dark, narrow alley-way. There may be many such in San Francisco, but the writer of this can only vouch for the actual existence of the one named, where the bodies of dead babes are oft-times thrown, or walled up in the brick walls, and where the very bricks seem to eye one another suspiciously, as if fearful of the strange stories they could reveal if endowed with the power of speech; and never could be found a fitter place for some foul murder, or other deed of darkness, than this same alley.

After reaching the building one descends a dark flight of steps, and finds himself in a room of moderate size, wherein are performing a band of musicians. Here, by paying fifty cents, you can remain and listen to the music, or pass through this room, cross a hall, and descend another flight of dark steps, and enter a larger room, better lighted, in which a number of girls, gayly dressed and painted, sit at tables eating and drinking, and gayly invite you to share with them.

Passing through still another hall, and descending another flight of steps, the gambling rooms are reached, and, farther on still, there are dens where thieves and all classes of villains congregate, and dwell, as snakes of all kinds curl and knob themselves together during the winter months.

But here we will pause, for beyond the drinking saloon, no one who values his life will venture; and, though Heaven knows how deep into the heart of the earth these subterranean passages pierce, nay, even though they afford direct communication with Hades, (which the character of their inmates would almost lead one to believe) the writer of this cannot vouch for the truth of more than he has stated.

### Animals and Firearms.

That crows and many other species of birds have little fear of man when he is unarmed is a familiar fact, and suggests that they fear him chiefly because of the weapons he carries. In Scotland, where shooting was prohibited on Sunday, crows and rooks were gentle, and fed around buildings without concern. Singularly enough, the same thing was observed of animals by Dr. Tristram when traveling in the wilderness of Moab, where the sound of a gun is quite rare. He says:—

"We were struck with the sagacity which all the wild animals showed in the matter of firearms, little familiar as they can be with them here. As it was Sunday, we strolled or sat down among the ruins without our fowling-pieces, and were consequently objects of indifference. A fine fox sat and looked at us a dozen times among the stone heaps, and just walked away, keeping almost within gunshot all the afternoon. The Sakr falcon sat calmly on his favorite perch, and allowed us to reconnoiter him on Sunday, while the eagle, owls, sandgrouse and partridge, showed a similar contempt for unarmed Europeans."

A young man writes for the best way to gain entrance to our most respectable families. We like to see our young people aim to improve themselves, and in no way can they do this as surely as by good books and the society of the refined. To gain entrance to our best families, the easiest and most direct way would seem to be by the front door, although our young friend might tunnel under the sidewalk and come up through the cellar.


# A GREAT STRIDE

UP AND OVER

## Business Customs!

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OLD METHODS found to be faulty or objectionable, discarded. A new and vastly advantageous plan hereby adopted!

OAK HALL.

Already the Largest Clothing Concern in America, and leading the Trade,

**IT STARTS ON A NEW CAREER!!**

Thoroughly reorganized on a greatly improved plan.

Silencing Objectors! Assuring Equal Rights to All!
Ruling Out the Possibility of Unfairness! Securing a Scale of Still Lower Prices!
Dropping every feature liable even to Criticism!

GUARANTEEING PURCHASERS AGAINST MISTAKES, FITS, REPRESENTATIONS, UNDERSTANDINGS.

DISSATISFACTION with Price or Purchase rendered IMPOSSIBLE!

## A PLAN

By which it is hoped to double in the coming year the already immense business of

WANAMAKER AND BROWN'S

ENORMOUS ESTABLISHMENT.

Making its Annual Sales more than $3,000,000!!!

BY BY MERITING and SECURING the Patronage of all classes of the Community to a degree never before enjoyed by ANY one House in any department of trade!!! Sure to commend itself and be commended

ALL THOUGHTFUL FOLK,

Because advantageous alike to both buyer and seller.

Thirteen years of interested and eager observation of different methods of doing business, while establishing and extending the largest clothing trade in the United States, have brought us to the following conclusions: **1st.** That a customer has a *right* to some GUARANTEE that his purchase shall prove exactly as represented. **2d.** That *Cash throughout* is the only basis consistent with the very lowest prices, as credit in every case necessitates higher prices to cover losses by bad debts, interest, law suits, hire of collectors, increased number of book-keepers, etc. **3d.** That, though justice does not require it, comfort and actual security in dealing are greatly promoted by giving to the purchaser the privilege *not only* of exchange of goods, but of *returning* the same within a given time, and have promptly *paid back the cash in full*. **4th.** That all customers buying at the *same time*, should pay *precisely* the *same* price for the *same* quality of goods. **5th.** That the interest of customers will be best served by abandoning the practice of paying salesmen a percentage on each sale, as it leads to "hurrying up," and sometimes "over persuading" buyers to take goods with which they are not fully suited. **6th.** That as customers generally inquire into the character and quality of articles offered for sale, and may not always be correctly informed, or fully understand the clerks, a Label, made under the authority and guarantee of the firm, bearing a printed description of the name and quality of the goods, should be attached to each article.

Business men thoroughly bent on upright dealing, have been thinking over, working out and experimenting on propositions similar to the above, and here and there is an establishment which has accepted one or another of these conclusions, and ordered their business accordingly—one "Cash," another "One Price," &c.—but **WE UNHESITATINGLY ADOPT THEM ALL**, and confidently relying on the approval and support of an intelligent and discriminating public, we inaugurate what we believe to be the best system in the world, and we now announce **One Price, Cash Payment, Cash Returned,** and **Full Guarantee,** as the **FOUR CARDINAL POINTS** by which we shall hereafter steer our craft.

## EXPLANATION AND ELABORATION

OF WANAMAKER & BROWN'S NEW PLAN.

**1st POINT. "CASH."** Houses doing a credit business *must* provide for losses on bad debts, interest on long-standing accounts, capital locked up, etc. To bear such losses themselves would drive them out of business. Therefore a per cent. is added to the price of each article sold, to cover this leakage, and *Cash Buyers* whether they *know it or not, really pay the bad debts and the interest on the long credits of the other customers!!* Under the *Cash Payment* system one pays only for what he gets, and contributes nothing to a "Sinking Fund."

By this *Radical Change* we shall lose some of our customers no doubt, but we will gain ten where we lose one, the advantages being so great to all who can avail themselves of them. So we say

**CASH THROUGHOUT.**

Bring Money for Clothing, and we will supply it at prices *possible under no other plan.*

**2d POINT. "ONE PRICE."** The *fairness* of this feature of our plan all will praise. It is simply treating all alike—exacting nothing from indisposition to bargain or ignorance, and, at the same time, conceding *all* that shrewdness on the shrewdest customer's part could possibly extort, because the "One Price" which we mark on our goods, shall invariably be

NOT the "First" Price, but the LAST and LOWEST PRICE.
NOT the "TOP" Price, but the VERY BOTTOM PRICE.

In other words, Salesmen or "Headmen," have never been allowed, under ordinary circumstances, to fall below a certain figure! It is at that, or at a *lower* figure that we now determine to mark our goods, calculating the cost to the exact penny, and fixing the price at the low minimum profit on which business on a large scale can be conducted.

We know that the larger business we aim for and anticipate, will require a large increase in the number of customers, and we shall therefore see to it that the "One Price" is based on the Smallest Profit, calculated to the exact and lowest penny, which will not be difficult to do with universal Cash Payment for the rule. The price will be marked in plain figures and no alteration allowed.

NOTE.—Whenever the exigencies of the season, the state of trade, or the money market may demand the right is reserved to go through our stock before or after unusual hours, and mark down, any lot or lots of goods, changing the figures on *all* the labels, so that the new rates are the same to all, and all buy alike at the mark down prices.

**WANAMAKER & BROWN WILL NEVER HOLD THEIR GOODS.**

**3d POINT. "Full Guarantee."** A printed Guarantee, bearing the signature of our firm, will accompany each garment as a Warrantee. This binds us in every sense, and will be honored as quickly as a good draft of the Government of the United States. This is a sample of the Full Guarantee, and tells its own story:

### GUARANTEE.

*We hereby guarantee*
1st. *That the prices of our goods shall be as low as the same quality of material and manufacture are sold anywhere in the United States.*
2d. *That the prices are precisely the same to everybody for same quality, on same day of purchase.*
3d. *That the quality of goods is as represented on printed labels.*
4th. *That the full amount of cash paid will be refunded, if customers find the articles unsatisfactory, and return them unworn and uninjured within 10 days of date of purchase.*

[Signed,] WANAMAKER & BROWN,
OAK HALL,
Sixth and Market Streets, Phila.

DATE,.....

**4th POINT. "Cash Returned."** This is simply a concession on our part to our customers, to secure them full confidence in dealing for goods *they know very little about,* and we thus prevent any occasion for dissatisfaction from any and every cause whatsoever. If the garment is not exactly what you thought, if your taste changes, if the "home folks" prefer another color or another shape, if you find you can buy the same material and style elsewhere for less money, if you conclude you don't need it after you get home, if the season changes suddenly and you wish you had not bought it, *bring it back* unworn and uninjured, and the full amount of money you paid will be returned on the spot. What more can we do for our customers than this, when we make our clothing so that they can draw the money value with it equally as well as with a check on the bank?

## THE ADVANTAGES

Incident to a system having for its cardinal points these which we have now explained, are simply innumerable. Saving of time and temper, perfect security, absence of all huckstering, &c., &c., &c., &c. But above all this

IT MAKES CLOTHING CHEAP.

! ! ! 